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Classics old and new

Edwin Anderson Alderman

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CLASSICS OLD AND NEW

A Series of School Readers

BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.

A FOURTH READER

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON NEW ORLEANS

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PREFACE

Good expression in reading is the product of sympathy and understanding, and therefore, the child who likes to read is quite sure to take first rank as a good reader. The controlling purpose of Classics, Old and New is to inspire in children a love for reading, and thus, without their being conscious of the fact, induce in them the reading habit. This is about the best and safest of all habits. If we contrive to teach young people the mechanical art of reading, and fail, at the same time, to breed in them the impulse and desire to continue their education throughout life by reading, we have cheated them out of the best thing to be obtained by going to school.

Good literature is an expression for the best of the world's activity, and the power latent in such literature to lift and enlighten the mind and spirit is greater than any other power, save, perhaps, the influences of home. The formal education of many of the children that will use this series of readers will cease with the elementary schools. This fact makes the preparation of the readers a very serious task, especially to one who knows children well enough to realize how difficult it is to know them at all.

When a child enters the Fourth Reader, he has practically mastered what may be called the mechanics of reading. New words, as words, no longer have any terror for him. He knows how to read, we say. He is, therefore, at a critical moment in his mental life in so far as that life touches literary culture. Let us hope that his imagination is not dulled, and that he has learned, as the earlier readers of this series are planned to teach him, to have a feeling for the good as distinguished from the

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bad or the commonplace. The selections in this book are the work of three score and ten writers of distinction, writers of the past ages and of the present time—writers of many lands, who were not writing down to children, but uttering their own best thoughts. This book, like the earlier numbers, may, therefore, be appropriately called Classics, Old and New.

No hard and fast culture-epoch theory has determined their selection, though earnest thought has been given to the interests that appeal to youth at this age. Constant effort has been made to give variety in subject matter, and yet to maintain a unity of appeal to the understanding and the imagination. The subjects chosen range from nature and myth and adventure to biography and patriotism and ethics.

Our material age is coming more and more to neglect poetry as a thing outside the world of reality. The truth is, that there are no more practical things in the world than poetry and music, for they, even more than bread, bring to life what it needs. Many of us can recall poems that have served us as practically in the day's work as have the multiplication tables. The guiding thought in all the poetry selected has been to acquaint the child with the songs that will always be sung—especially the older poems studied by their fathers and mothers before them, —such old and yet ever young treasures as "Lord Ullin's Daughter," Gray's "Elegy," "Annabel Lee."

The author believes that these readers, in the hands of sympathetic teachers, can be so used as to make not only good readers in the technical sense, but also real lovers of fine literature, young people of good taste in letters and of an increasing desire for close friendship with the best that has been thought and said.

The following acknowledgments are made in addition to those already given in the biographies: to Charles Scribner's Sons for the use of "How I Found Livingstone"; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of "Playing Theater at Rivermouth," and to G. P. Putnam's Sons for the use of "A Tradition of Weatherford."

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FOURTH READER

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a strange people in Africa. Dwelling in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, they knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find edible food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their court of justice. The plaintiff said: "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I bargained only for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

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The defendant answered: "I hope that I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its existing advantages, and consequently the treasure was included."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, repeated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright. Then, after some reflection, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes."

"And thou," said the judge, turning to the other, "a daughter?" "Yes."

"Well, then, let the son marry the daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him. "Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?" "Oh, yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful! but are there in that country tame animals which live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ay, that must be the cause," said the chief, "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[This story was told by Coleridge as a rebuke to the kings of European countries, where the custom prevailed that is mentioned by Alexander.]

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ed'i-ble, fit to eat.
plain'tiff, one who makes complaint against another in court.
de-fend'ant, one against whom a complaint is made.
per-plexed', puzzled.
cus'to-dy, safe-keeping in prison, or under guard.
hos'pit-a-bly, kindly.
con-cealed', hidden from view.
con'se-quent-ly, following as a result.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834), an English poet, also wrote prose for magazines. It is as a poet, however, that he is best known. His sense of beauty was keen and delicate, and his poetry is very musical. Among the most popular of his poems are "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "The Nightingale," "A Day Dream," "Kubla Khan," and "Christabel." Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Robert Southey are often called "The Lake Poets."

THE STONE-CUTTER

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter—a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a robe of soft silk!" Such was the sigh that he breathed to Heaven. An angel heard it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel.

JAPANESE STONE-CUTTERS

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The stone-cutter at once became rich; and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a robe of soft silk.

It happened that the emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol, shining with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich," murmured the rich man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and have my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not the emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the emperor. He had an escort before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol, resplendent with gold.

However, the sun, with his ardent beams, dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, wearied the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! art thou satisfied?" the angel asked; for the emperor had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun; "a cloud capable

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of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the change was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun, that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers, and waterspouts to fall upon the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds, and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the flood; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat in their fury; the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of these implements, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man."

"Have thy will," said the angel.

And he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter,

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a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, and gained little; but he was contented with his lot.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

cav″a-liers′, knights or horsemen.
ex-hausts′, tires out.
in″ter-cept′ed, obstructed, cut off.
dis-tin′guished, recognized, or saw.
tu-mul′tu-ous, with great noise.
dev′as-ta″ted, laid waste.
im′ple-ments, tools.
re-splen′dent, shining.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–78) was a famous American poet and novelist. He was also a great traveler, much of his traveling being done on foot. In the course of his wanderings he visited almost every country on the globe; and the letters that he wrote to the American papers about foreign lands are very entertaining. He published some novels, many books of travel and of poetry, and translated Goethe's "Faust" into English. "Boys of Other Countries" is a book of great interest to boys. He was secretary of the Legation at St. Petersburg in 1862–63, and in 1873 was appointed United States Minister to Germany. He died at Berlin.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

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OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

en'sign, the national flag of a ship. | **har'pies,** vulture-like birds of fable.

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THE FOOLISH LITTLE AIR-CURRENT

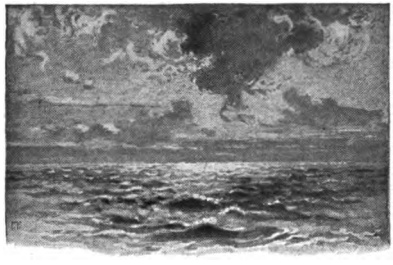
I

The cyclone was caused by an area of low pressure which was central, last night at nine o'clock, over the Great Lakes.

—The Morning Papers.

This is the story of the foolish little air-current that at one time was part of a big cyclone—a very foolish little air-current!

For days and weeks, and ever since the little air-current could remember, they had been circling round and round—all the big and little air-currents up there together—in long, graceful turns, with the sun shining down through them, and glinting and glistening on the dancing, dazzling water far, far below.



THE LITTLE AIR-CURRENT STARTING

The water was the Gulf of Mexico, but of course the little air-current did not know that. He and his brothers were just plain, ignorant little currents, and had never seen land.

But they used to have a great deal of fun floating round and round all the long, lazy day, with the sun glinting through them. The little air-current had a foolish idea that this was what he was going to do all his life, if he thought about it at all, and one day he remarked, in the hearing of one of the bigger currents, "My! we're going pretty fast to-day."

"Do you call this fast?" put in one of the big ones. "Huh, just you wait until we get under way!"

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"We'll be starting soon," he heard one say to another. The big ones all have hoarse voices.

"Which direction?" asked one of the little air-currents.

"North, of course. Are you crazy?"

"North is the only direction in summer-time," said another still bigger current, kindly.

The little air-current said, "Of course, north," although he did not know anything about it.

And the next day came the word to move.

"There's an area of low pressure up over the Gulf States," some one said; "that's what starts us. We are to go and fill it up."

"Yes, we must go to fill it up," said the foolish little air-current.

"Come on, we're going now;" said all the big air-currents, darting and turning more quickly.

"Come on!" cried the little one, excitedly.

"Get in line there!" shouted one of the big ones. And just then off shot the big circling volume of air, a little to the east of north, toward the state of Mississippi. It was still revolving round and round, but making rapid forward progress now at the same time, like a spinning top that darts off to one side. And the faster it went ahead, the faster it whirled round.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little air-current, really quite frightened. "Where are we going?"

"Hold on tight!" cried the big air-currents. "If you let go, you will be lost!" They, too, were a little frightened, but pretended that they were not. They were not going half so fast as they would be going by and by.

Soon they came over the land, and now they swooped down

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lower. "Ugh! what's that ugly rough stuff?" screamed the little air-current.

"Land!" whistled one of the larger currents. "Land! land!" roared the biggest currents. "Land! land!" they all screamed and whistled and roared together. "We'll tear it up!" Now they began to go faster and faster. The little air-current did not say anything more for a while; he just looked scared and whirled round as the others were doing.

"What do you call this game?" he cried to a big current, once in a lull.

"Game!" replied the other contemptuously. "This is no game. We are a cyclone now!" He hissed the word "cyclone."

"Oh, are we a cyclone?" It is the ambition of an air-current's life to be part of a cyclone. "I'm a cyclone," he repeated to himself. "Just think!" and he dashed down among some trees that were waving and tossing their branches wildly and helplessly.

cy'clone, a whirling storm.
glint'ing, glittering.
con-temp'tu-ous-ly, in a scornful manner.
am-bi'tion, eager desire.

THE FOOLISH LITTLE AIR-CURRENT

II

Faster and faster they went, and now they came to a farmhouse, which they picked up, turned round, and put down on the same foundation, only backward. Fields of corn were uprooted. Streams boiled. Here was a town. Now houses

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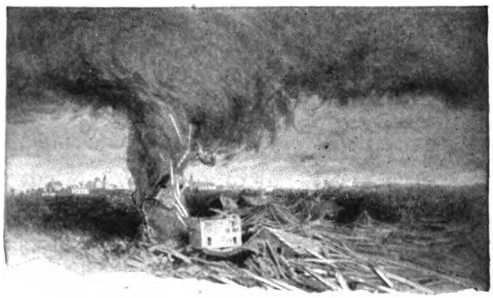
began to fall and shatter. Roofs were lifted off, rolled up, and dropped on pitiful trees. Trees were picked up and slapped against church steeples, which broke. Houses were twisted. Factories tottered and tumbled. And it was all so easily done.

But the cyclone did not stop to look. It just tore on and on to the next town, sometimes skipping over one village entirely, only to plunge down and entirely demolish the next.



All this time there was roaring and wild howling, and the little air-current, like all the air-currents, was doing his part with the rest. They forgot to ask questions now. They were no longer frightened. They had caught the wild ecstasy of the storm.

All that night they rushed on madly up the United States, howling and shrieking. It was no longer hard for the little air-current to keep up. He did it from force of habit.

With dawn the storm quieted a little, and they had time to look about.

"Oh, didn't we storm?" said the little air-current. "I tell you I knocked over some big trees!" Just then he let go to turn round and see who listened. It is always foolish to turn round in a cyclone.

"Keep still and come on!" whistled one of the big currents.

"Oh, wait!" cried the little air-current. "Wait—wait—oh, I can't catch up!" he whispered.

He saw now, already quite far off in the distance, the cyclone

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twisting ahead in its quiet, earnest manner, with his little brothers working hard, as if they all knew just what they meant to do and were doing it, while he was whisked quickly over a hill, across a river, and then right into the street of a great city.

Without having an idea of what he was doing, he darted up between two high buildings, on up the street between other high buildings, across a park, over a wall, and into a street where people lived. They were just getting up. A few were coming out-of-doors.

He was so weak by this time that the best he could do was to take a man's hat off. The man ran after it, while the little air-current went on ahead of the hat until he came to a large house with trees in front. He turned in and ran through the tree-tops with all his might, but he noticed that he could only make the leaves rustle, rather pleasantly.

Then before he knew what he was about, he had darted in through an open window, fluttering the curtains a little, and glided across the room to a bed where lay a baby quietly sleeping. Then the baby sneezed.

"Nurse," said a lady, "please go and cover the baby up. He is in a draft."

"And to think," sighed the little air-current, who was once part of a big cyclone, "that I can now only make a baby sneeze."

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

ec'sta-sy, the highest joy. | **de-mol'ish,** utterly destroy.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS was born in Sterling, Ill., and was graduated from Princeton. He has written "Adventures of a Freshman" and also a history of Princeton University. The "Stolen Story" is the title of a collection of his short stories.

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THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in the chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon;
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

He blew, and he blew, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and silent the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

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The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry, mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar;
"What's that?"—The glittering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

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But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

rev'els, sports, tricks. | **mar'vel**, a wonder.

DOG-SLEIGHING IN THE NORTH

I

Winter-travel in Kamchatka is done entirely upon dog-sledges. In no other pursuit do the people of that country spend more time or show their native skill to better advantage.

There is probably no more hardy animal in the world than their dog. You may compel him to sleep out on the snow in the coldest weather; you may drive him with heavy loads until his feet crack open and print the snow with blood; you may starve him until he eats up his harness; but his strength and spirit alike seem unbroken.

I have driven a team of nine dogs more than a hundred miles in a day and a night. I have often worked them hard for forty-eight hours without being able to give them a bite of food. They are generally fed, once a day, a single dried fish, weighing a pound and a half or two pounds. This is given to them at night.

The sledge to which they are harnessed is about ten feet in

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length and two in width. It is made with seasoned birch timber, and combines strength and lightness.

The frame work of the sledge is fastened together with lashings of dried seal-skin, and is mounted on broad curved run-

TRAVELING IN WINTER IN THE POLAR REGIONS

ners. No iron is used in making it, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will carry a load of four hundred pounds.

Under favorable circumstances eleven dogs will make from forty to fifty miles a day with a man and a load of four hundred pounds. They are harnessed to the sledge in couples by a long central thong of seal-skin. To this thong each dog is fastened by a collar and a short trace. They are guided and controlled entirely by the voice and by a dog called a leader, which is especially trained for the purpose.

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The driver carries no whip. Instead, he has a stick about four feet in length and two inches in thickness. This is armed at one end with a long iron spike, and is used to check the speed of the sledge in going down hills. The stick may also be used to stop the dogs when they leave the road, as they frequently do to run after reindeer and foxes.

The art of driving a dog-team is one of the most deceptive in the world. The traveler imagines at first sight that driving a dog-sledge is just as easy as driving a horse-car. At the very first favorable chance he tries it.

After being run away with the first ten minutes, capsized into a snow-drift, and having his sledge dragged bottom upward a quarter of a mile from the road, the rash experimenter begins to see that the task is not quite so easy as he had supposed. In less than one day he is generally convinced, by hard experience, that a dog-driver, like a poet, is born, not made.

pur-suit', occupation.
thong, a leather strap.
de-cep'tive, misleading.
cap-sized', overturned.

DOG-SLEIGHING IN THE NORTH

II

I had watched every motion of my Korak driver. I thought that I had learned the manner of thrusting the spiked stick between the upright of the runners into the snow, to act as a brake. I had also committed to memory and practiced the hoarse cries that meant, in dog-language, "right" and "left," as well as many others that meant something else. I

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soon believed that I could drive as well as a Korak, if not better.

Seating myself firmly astride of the sledge back of the arch, I shouted to the dogs. My voice failed to produce the startling effect that I had hoped for. Then I hurled my spiked stick like a harpoon at the leader, intending to have it fall so that I could pick it up as the sledge passed. The dog, however, dodged it cleverly, and it rolled away ten feet from the road.

Just at that moment three or four wild reindeer bounded out from behind a little rise of ground three or four hundred yards away. They galloped across the plain toward a deep ravine, through which ran a branch of the river. The dogs, true to their wolfish nature, started in pursuit with fierce excited howls. I made a grasp at my spiked stick as we rushed past, but failed to reach it.

Away we went over the snow toward the ravine. Half the time the sledge was on one runner, and was rebounding from the hard drifts with a force that shook me terribly.

Without the spiked stick we were helpless, and in a moment we were left on the edge of the ravine. I shut my eyes, clung tightly to the arch, and took the plunge. The slope became suddenly steeper, and the leader swung to one side, bringing the sledge around like the lash of a whip, and shooting me through the air into a deep drift of snow at the bottom.

I must have fallen at least eighteen feet. I was entirely buried with the exception of my legs, which, above the snow, kicked a faint signal for rescue. Weighed down with heavy furs, I had hard work to pull myself out. As I at last crept out of the drift with three pints of snow down my neck, I saw the round face of my driver smiling at me through the bushes on the edge of the bluff.

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"Oona," he hailed.

"Well," replied the snowy figure standing waist-high in the drift.

"Amerikanski nyett dobra kiour, eh?" (American no good driver).

"Nyett sofsem dobra" (Not very good), was the sorrowful reply as I waded out.

The sledge had become tangled in the bushes near me, and the dogs were all howling in chorus, nearly wild because they were stopped. I was so far satisfied with my experiment, that I did not desire to repeat it for a time. I, therefore, made no objection to the Korak's going back to his old position.

GEORGE KENNAN (Adapted).

ra-vine', a deep valley with steep sides.

ex-per'i-ment-er, one who makes a trial.

GEORGE KENNAN (1845–) is an American writer and lecturer. He has traveled extensively in the Russian Empire and the East, and has written "Siberia and the Exile System" and "Tent-life in Siberia and Adventures Among the Koraks," from which latter work this story is taken by permission of the Century Company.

Write your own experience in learning to do something; as, to skate, fly a kite, ride or drive a horse, bake a cake, cook a dinner, row a boat.

Make a plan for your story; as, Learning to Skate.

1. My home not near water.
2. A winter visit to friends near a lake.
3. Meeting boys and girls who skated well.
4. The pleasure that skating seemed to offer.
5. My arrangements for learning.
6. Early experiences: a. Fortunate; b. Unfortunate.
7. Later experiences.
8. Advantages in knowing how to skate.

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TWO MINUTES

He was a third lieutenant in the engineers. It was after the great mine explosion at Petersburg, and the engineers were at that time busily engaged in using all their devices for the discovery of other mines. They had found one in process of construction in front of General Gracie's lines.

They had proceeded at once to run a deeper tunnel under this one. They had loaded the end of it, just underneath the enemy's works, with an incredible amount of gunpowder, and on that morning it was to be fired. A slow-match had been brought from the powder to the mouth of the mine. It was lighted, and a period of waiting ensued.

The match had evidently gone out. Where, nobody knew or could guess. The general in command of that part of the line turned to the captain of engineers and said: "The mine must be blown up at once; will you go in and light the match again?"

The captain hesitated, saying: "I don't know; it may go off at any moment."

Thereupon the third lieutenant stepped forward, touched his cap to the general, and said: "With your permission, I will go in and fire it."

"Thank you," said the general; "go."

The man picked up the torch and started into the mine. It seems that the slow-match had gone out within a very short distance of the powder magazine. But disregarding that, he touched the torch to it, set it off again, and ran with all his might for the mouth of the opening.

It was two minutes' work. The mine went off just before

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he reached the outlet, and the air pressure literally blew him out of it. He fell sprawling on his face. He was considerably bruised and scratched in his contact with the gravelly ground, but he was not in any serious way injured.

Picking himself up, grimed as he was, he took off his cap, and dusting himself like a school-boy that had fallen in the street, he approached the commanding officer and said: "General, I have the honor to report that I have fired the mine, and that it has gone off."

The general touched his cap and replied: "I had observed that fact, and I thank you very much. I beg to say that I will make an official report of the circumstance."

Two days later we all touched our caps to a freshly made brigadier-general of the engineers. The captain that had hesitated remained a captain.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

[*Acknowledgment is made to the Macmillan Company for the use of this selection.*]

mine, powder placed under ground or under water and exploded.

in-cred'i-ble, not to be believed.

lit'er-al-ly, really; actually.

Who wrote this story? What does the author say that the general first said? What was the captain's answer? What did the lieutenant say?

When a writer gives the words used by a speaker, what are those words called? With what kind of letter does the first word of a direct quotation begin? What marks are used to inclose a direct quotation?

If other words come between the parts of a direct quotation, how are the parts of the quotation inclosed? By what mark are the words that come between generally set off?

Copy, and notice the punctuation: 1. "Thou shalt be," said the angel. 2. "Do you eat gold in this country?" asked Alexander. 3. "Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." 4. "And thou," said the judge, turning to the other, "a daughter?" 5. The air-current said, "Of course, north," although he did not know.

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LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against Skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

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Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

fo'cal, central.
grape'shot, small iron balls.
gan'grene, a disease in which the flesh decays.
spec'ter, a ghost.
sur'geon, a doctor who uses instruments in the treatment of diseases or injuries.
tor'ture, severe pain inflicted.
min'strel, a man who sang of brave deeds.
leg'end, a story of old times.
chiv'al-ry, here, the entire body of knights; also valor, courtesy.
gloom, darkness; used here in the sense of sad news.

DR. FRANCIS O. TICKNOR (1822–74) was a Southern physician who lived near Columbus, Ga. Professor Barrett Wendell in his "Literary History of America" speaks of this simple little ballad with warm praise. The Johnston referred to in the next to the last stanza of "Little Giffen" was General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed in the battle of Shiloh.

Make a plan, and write in prose the story of "Little Giffen."

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THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

"I'm sick of being at another man's beck and call," said Tom Turner impatiently. "It's 'Tom do this,' and 'Tom do that,' and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night.

"I was thinking as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master,—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor workingman after all. In short, I'm a slave; and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought that he was going back to his work as usual; but she was mistaken. He walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself, "it's much pleasanter sitting here in the shade, than broiling over celery trenches, and thinning wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see my family starve; a very hard lot it is to be a workingman."

"Ahem," said a voice close to him.

Tom started, and to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, standing composedly at his elbow. The man was dressed in green,—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, which twinkled very much, as he looked at Tom and smiled.

"Servant, sir!" said Tom, edging himself a little farther off.

"Miserable slave," said the small man, "are you so far lost

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to the noble sense of freedom, that your very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as your master?"

"Who are you," said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"

"Tom," said the small man, "don't speak roughly. Keep

your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to hear them,—what else is she for, in fact?"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend; I think that I can help you out of your difficulty. Every minnow in this stream—they are very scarce, mind you—has a silver tail."

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"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide. "Fishing for minnows and being one's own master would be much pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them, and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell; I wish you joy in your freedom." So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer.

The next day, he arose with the dawn, and went in search of minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any others so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him!

They made him troll up the stream for miles; then, just as he thought his chase was at an end and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water, and dart down the stream again like silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, but each had a silver tail.

"But, at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can now order me about."

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but up to Saturday, he had caught only fourteen minnows.

After all, however, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them

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out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he, at length, contrived to sell them all, and get exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

"Now, I'll tell you, Tom Turner," said he to himself, "I've found out this afternoon, and I don't mind your knowing it,—that every one of those customers was your master. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child who came near you;—obliged to be in good temper, too, which was very annoying."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path, "I knew you were a man of sense; look you, you are all workingmen; and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"All workingmen? How do you make that out?" said Tom, chinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a workingman; and has he a master of his own? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all; he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great mills. He has many masters; else why was he nearly ruined last year?"

"He was nearly ruined, because he made some new-fangled kinds of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom. "Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I think that I shall go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him that you have no objection now to digging up the asparagus bed."

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So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money that he had earned, and got his old master to take him back. His adventure with the man in green and the fish with the silver tails, however, he kept a profound secret.

JEAN INGELOW.

griev'an-ces, causes for complaint.
com-po'sed-ly, quietly.
sal"u-ta'tion, greeting.
ac-knowl'edg-es, admits, or confesses.
op"por-tu'ni-ty, chance.
troll, to draw a fishing line through the water.
chink'ing, rattling with a metallic sound.
plagued, teased ; annoyed.

JEAN INGELOW (1830–97), the poet, was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, England. She is both poet and novelist, and has written a number of books for children. Some of her poems, too, are prime favorites with young people. "The High Tide at Enderby" and "Songs of Seven" are especially well liked. "The Minnows with Silver Tails" is from "Stories Told to a Child." Other interesting stories are "Mopsa the Fairy," "The Golden Opportunity," "The Moorish Gold."

QUEEN MAB

A little fairy comes at night,
  Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
  And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
  And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her hand from right to left,
  And makes a circle round its head.

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And then it dreams of pleasant things,
  Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
  And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
  From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
  And glowworms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
  For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
  Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
  From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
  Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
  And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
  To shed the blood of girls and boys.

The stormy waves rush on to drown,
  Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
  And serpents crawl along the ground.

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Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

THOMAS HOOD.

wand, a fairy's rod.
de-li'cious, pleasing to the taste.
o'gres, giants who were said to eat children.

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) was an English poet and humorist. He also wrote some tales and novels, but they did not succeed so well as his humorous works and his poems. Among his most popular poems are "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram." Some of his serious poems are tender and pathetic.

ELIZABETH ZANE

In the autumn of 1777 the British commander of the West, Colonel Hamilton, resolved to attack Wheeling. For this purpose he employed a man named Simon Girty. When a boy, Girty had been captured by the Indians, and had joined their tribes, and become one of them.

Collecting about five hundred Indians, he marched southward from the Great Lakes toward Kentucky. Then turning to the left, he hurried up the Ohio River to surprise Fort Henry [Wheeling].

At first the white men were very unfortunate, and many of them were killed outside the fort. The few that were left to protect the women and children in the fort determined to fight to the last.

Soon they found to their dismay that there was hardly any

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gunpowder in the fort. They had forgotten the keg of powder in one of the houses. It was only about sixty yards away from the gate of the fort, but how were they to get it?

Colonel Shepherd, the commander of the fort, told his men exactly how the matter was. He would not *order* any man to go and get the powder, he said, as the Indians were almost sure to kill him, but if any one chose to volunteer, he would accept the offer.

Three or four young men and boys stepped forward, and said that they would be willing to go. One would do, and they must agree among themselves which one it was to be. One said that *he* would go, but another said that *he* would. So they disputed and lost time, until there was danger that the Indians would renew the attack before the white men came to any agreement.

At this moment a young lady came forward and said that *she* was ready to go. Her name was Elizabeth Zane, and she had just come home from boarding-school in Philadelphia. This made her brave offer all the more remarkable as she had not been trained up in the fearless life of the frontier.

Of course the men would not hear of such a thing. It was their place, they said, to expose their lives, not the place of women and girls.

Elizabeth urged, on her part, that they could not spare a *man*, as they had so few, but that the loss of a girl would not amount to much. At length, they reluctantly agreed that she should go for the keg of powder.

When Elizabeth Zane ran out from the fort, a few straggling Indians were dodging about three or four hundred yards east of Fort Henry. The rest of the savages were withdrawn a little in the woods. They all saw the girl, for the people in the

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stockade observed them looking at her; but for some reason they did not fire at her.

They may have supposed that she was running to the house merely for the purpose of getting her clothes, or a hair-brush, or some other article that girls like to have. It is quite as likely, however, that they thought it would only be throwing

"THEY LEVELED THEIR GUNS, AND SENT A SHOWER OF BULLETS AT HER"

away a load of gunpowder to fire at a girl, who was of no use to anybody.

As they felt certain that they would take the fort, they could easily kill her afterward with a tomahawk. So they quietly looked at her, and not a shot was fired.

As they were so anxious to capture Fort Henry, it would have been better for them to kill that girl, for she was destined to save it. She hastened into the house, found the keg of gun-

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powder, which was probably small, and holding her precious load close to her breast with both arms, darted out again, and ran with it in the direction of the fort.

As she ran the Indians saw her, and now understood what she had come for. Uttering a wild yell, they leveled their guns, and sent a shower of bullets at her, but all flew wide of the mark. They whistled to the right and left, but did not strike her. With the keg still hugged close to her bosom, she reached the fort, and the gate closed as the bullets of the Indians buried themselves in the thick panels behind her.

A weak girl had thus saved a dozen men and their wives and children. It was a brave act, and Americans should never forget to honor the name of Elizabeth Zane.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

dis-pu'ted, argued.
fron"tier', the border of a country.
re-luc'tant-ly, unwillingly.
stock-ade', a defense built around a fort.
des'tined, intended.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE (1830–86) was a Virginia novelist who wrote stories of Virginia life. Many of these were based on incidents in history. "Leather Stocking and Silk," "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," "Fairfax," and "Henry St. John, Gentleman," are the titles of some of his books. He wrote also the life of Stonewall Jackson and of R. E. Lee.

1. The British commander of the West, Colonel Hamilton, resolved to attack Wheeling. 2. John Esten Cooke, the author of this story, was a Virginian.

In the first sentence, Colonel Hamilton *names* the British commander. *In the second sentence,* the author of this story *tells who is meant by* John Esten Cooke. Colonel Hamilton *explains* commander, *and* author *explains* John Esten Cooke. Such explanatory terms are said to be in ***apposition*** with the words that they explain.

By what mark should the terms in apposition and their modifiers be set off?

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ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

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But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we,
  Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In her sepulcher there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ser'aphs, angels.
cov'et-ed, desired eagerly.
sep'ul-cher, a place of burial.
de'mons, evil spirits.
dis-sev'er, separate from.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–49) was born in Boston. His father and mother were on the stage. After the death of his mother he was adopted by a wealthy Virginian, Mr. John Allan. When he was seventeen he ran away to Boston and tried to take care of himself by publishing some poems. He did not make money by his book, however, and had a hard time for some years. At last he settled in Baltimore, and supported himself by doing editorial work and writing for magazines. He did not reach the height of his fame until he published his poem, "The Raven," about four years before his death. Among his noted prose tales are "Arthur Gordon Pym," "The Gold Bug," and "The Fall of the House of Usher." "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee" are two of his most admired poems. Nearly all of Poe's writings show great sensitiveness of feeling and a wonderful, though gloomy imagination.

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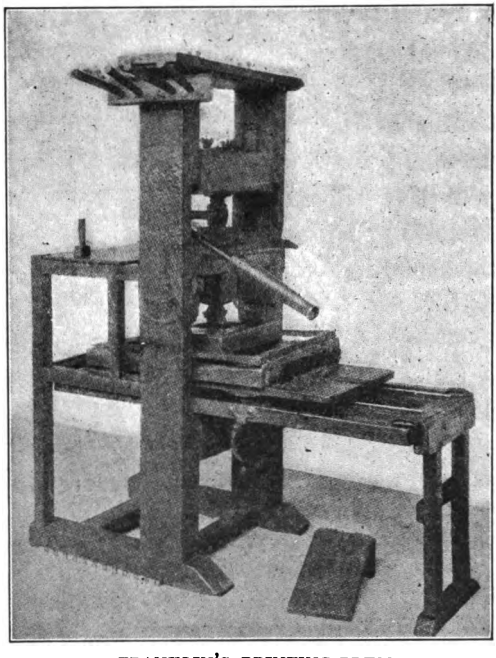
HOW FRANKLIN LEARNED TO WRITE

Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads.



FRANKLIN'S PRINTING-PRESS

One was called the Lighthouse Tragedy, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters. The other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate.

They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad style; and when they were printed, he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, and having made a great noise.

This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by

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ridiculing my performances, and telling me that verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent and wished, if possible, to imitate it.

With this view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days. Then, without looking at the book, I tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

But I found that I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them. This I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses.

In verse the continual occasion for words of the same value, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety. Verse would also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it.

Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse. After a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, I turned them into prose again.

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I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts.

By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in some particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method of the language. This encouraged me to think that I might possibly, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[Grub Street was formerly a street in London, where many inferior writers lived; hence, poor poetry is here called "Grub Street Ballads."]

fre-quent'ed, often visited.
en-deav'ored, tried; attempted.
en-cour'aged, inspired with confidence.
rid'i-cul-ing, making fun of.
tol'er-a-ble, able to be endured.
ad-vance'ment, promotion; progress.
sen'ti-ment, thought.
im'port, account; consequence.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–90), was a Boston boy, who became famous as an author, as a man of science, and as a patriot. When he was ten years old he was put to work in the printing shop of an older brother. He began to write for magazines and newspapers, and finally was able to buy a paper of his own. This was in Philadelphia. He rose rapidly and became well known as a writer and a man of public spirit. He proved, by some experiments with a kite, that lightning is electricity, and the discovery made a name for him among men of science in Europe. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he was sent to France as the United States ambassador; and to him is due the credit of persuading France to recognize the independence of the United States.

His "Autobiography" and "Poor Richard's Almanack" contain most of his writings.

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LUCY

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
  And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
  The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Copy and punctuate:

1. William Wordsworth the great English poet died in 1850.
2. Lucy a maid dwelt beside the springs of Dove.
3. Franklin wrote a song on the taking of Teach the Pirate.
4. Abbotsford the home of Sir Walter Scott is in Scotland.
5. Little Giffen a brave young soldier was from Tennessee.

Find or make ten sentences containing appositional terms set off by the comma.

When the appositional term is so closely connected as to be part of a name, it is not set off by commas; as:

1. Alexander the Macedonian came to a strange people in Africa.
2. The dispatch-boat Dolphin was making her way up the river.
3. I am Walter the page.

Find or make five sentences containing appositional terms too closely connected to require the comma.

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SALUTING MOUNT VERNON

The United States dispatch-boat *Dolphin* was making her way up the Potomac from the sea to Washington. The captain, navigator, and officer of the deck were on the bridge piloting the vessel carefully through the many turns and bends of the river.

They kept a sharp lookout for the landmarks and buoys, and followed the course of the ship on the chart spread out on its stand. The navigator, looking up from the chart, turned to the captain, who was trying to make out a buoy not far from the ship.

"Mount Vernon is just ahead, sir," he said.

"Very well, call all hands to quarters," was the captain's reply.

"Sound to quarters, sir." This to the officer of the deck from the navigator.

"Aye, aye, sir. Bugler, sound to quarters!" rang out the voice of the young officer.

A moment's pause, and the assembly call rang out over the silent current of the river, and echoed back from the heights above its banks. The white pillars of Washington's beautiful home flashed out through the deep green of the trees high above the ship.

The officers and men, hurrying from all parts of the vessel, ranged themselves at their quarter. "Form on the port side, facing outboard!" came the sharp order from the bridge, and later, "Sound attention!"

The bugle again broke the stillness. The *Dolphin* was now abreast of the historic home of the first chief magistrate of the

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country; all hands were lined up along the port side of the ship, standing at attention, and facing the shore.

As the order, "Salute!" came, sharply cut and abrupt, from the bridge, the right hand of every officer and man was raised to his cap, and there remained while the ship's bell rang out twenty-one slow, solemn strokes, one for each gun of a national salute.

The venerable mansion, with the white pillars of its porch, like giant sentinels on guard, looked down from the heights through a framework of majestic trees to the river below. As a gray-bearded patriarch receives the homage of youth, so this dignified monument to the first head of the government seems to receive the passing salute of the representation of the government to-day.

With the last stroke of the bell came the order, "Sound the retreat!"

The bugle answered, and as the last note came back from the shore, Mount Vernon disappeared behind the green of the trees.

Every vessel of war of the United States passing the home of Washington observes this impressive ceremony. The effect upon one seeing it for the first time is thrilling, and it loses none of its dignity and beauty by repetition.

It is a good custom and tends to keep alive in the hearts of our country's defenders on the sea a spirit of veneration and love for the one whom every schoolboy learns to consider the first soldier and statesman of the country's history.

JOHN F. URIE, U.S.N. (Abridged).

ma-jes'tic, stately; dignified.
pa'tri-arch, the head of a tribe.
ven"er-a'tion, reverence and respect.
buoys, floating anchors for ships.
cer'e-mony, outward forms, or rites.
hom'age, honor; respect.
sa-lute', a ceremony of respect.

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SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:

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We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,

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With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

glades, open places in the woods.
mo-rass', a swampy place.
deem, think.
spoil, things taken in fight.
barb, a war horse.
hoar'y, white with age.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878) was a noted American poet, whose native state was Massachusetts. He was a lawyer, but was always more interested in literature than in law. He published "Thanatopsis," one of his most celebrated poems, when he was only twenty-two. Among his most remarkable pieces of work are his translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" from the Greek. His poetry is published in one volume, "Poetical Works," and his letters of travel, orations and addresses are published under the title, "Prose Writings." "The Song of Marion's Men" was included in an edition of his poems published in England, but the line in that edition, "The British soldier trembles" was changed to "The foeman trembles in his camp." In all of his poetry he describes the beauties of nature in lofty and uplifting language.

Write a true or imaginary story about a day or more spent in a camp in the woods.

Where was the camp? How many persons were in it? Why were you there? How did you eat and sleep? What did you see and hear? What adventures did you have?

Write one of your favorite stories from history.

When and where did the event take place? Who were engaged in it? What were the important points connected with it? What were the results? How is this event connected with other historical events?

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That was a day to be remembered. It had only begun when we drew rein at a tiny farmhouse on the banks of the Clackamas and sought horse feed and lodging, ere we hastened to the river that broke over a weir not a quarter of a mile away.

Imagine a stream seventy yards broad, divided by a pebbly island, running over charming " riffles " and swirling into deep, quiet pools, where the good salmon goes to smoke his pipe after meals.

The weir had been erected to pen the Chenook salmon from going farther up-stream. We could see them, twenty or thirty pounds in weight, lying by the score in the deep pools, or flying madly against the weir and foolishly skinning their noses. They were not our prey, for they would not rise at a fly, and we knew it. Nevertheless, when one made his leap against the weir, and landed on the foot-plank with a jar that shook the board I was standing on, I would fain have claimed him for my own capture.

California sniffed up-stream and down-stream, across the racing water, chose his ground, and let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a riffle. I was getting my rod together, when I heard the joyous shriek of the reel and the yells of California, and three feet of living silver leaped into the air far across the water. The forces were engaged.

The salmon tore up-stream, the tense line cutting the water like a tide-rip behind him, and the light bamboo bowed to breaking. What happened thereafter I cannot tell.

In what appeared to be half a day, but in what was really little over a quarter of an hour, the fish sullenly came home

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with spurts of temper, dashing head on and dancing in the air, but home to bank came he, and the unpitying reel gathered up the thread of his life inch by inch.

We landed him in a little bay, and the spring weight in his glorious gills checked at eleven and one half pounds. Eleven and one half pounds of fighting salmon! We danced a war-dance on the pebbles, and California shouted:—"Partner! Partner! This is glory! Now *you* catch your fish! Twenty-four years I've waited for this!"

I went into that icy-cold river and made my cast just above the weir, and all but foul-hooked a blue-and-black water-snake with a coral mouth, which coiled itself on a stone and hissed.

The next cast—ah, the pride of it, the regal splendor of it! the thrill that ran down from finger-tip to toe! Then the water boiled. The salmon broke for the fly and got it. There remained sense enough in me to give him all that he wanted when he jumped not once, but twenty times, before the up-stream flight that ran my line out to the last half-dozen turns, and I saw the reel-bar of nickel glitter under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line.

I did not feel it until later, for my soul was out in the dancing weir. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip-bone, and the top joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, he turned and accepted every inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor.

There lie several sorts of success in this world which taste well in the moment of enjoyment. I question whether the steady theft of line from an able-bodied salmon, who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it, is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope.

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Like California's fish, he ran at me head on, and leaped against the line, but I had two hundred fifty pairs of fingers given me in that hour. The banks and the pine-tree danced dizzily round me. But I only reeled—reeled as for life—reeled for hours, and at the end of the reeling, continued to give him the butt while he sulked in a pool.

The first wild enthusiasm of capture had died away. We were both at work in deadly earnest now. I would rather have died among the pebbles than surrender my right to play and land a salmon, weight unknown, with an eight ounce rod. I dropped on a log to rest for a moment. As I drew breath, the weary hands slackened their hold, and I forgot to give him the butt.

A wild scutter in the water, a plunge, and a break for the head-waters of the Clackamas were my rewards. The weary toil of reeling in with one eye under the water and the other on the top joint of the rod was renewed.

"The father of all the salmon!" California shouted. "Get your trout to bank, Johnny Bull!"

But I could do no more. Even the insult failed to move me. The rest of the game was with the salmon. He suffered himself to be drawn, skipping with pretended delight at getting to the haven where I would fain bring him. Yet no sooner did he feel shoal water under his ponderous body than he backed like a torpedo-boat, and the snarl of the reel told me that my labor was in vain.

A dozen times, at least, this happened ere the line hinted that he had given up the battle and would be towed in. He was towed. The landing-net was useless for one of his size, and I would not have him gaffed. I stepped into the shallows and heaved him out with a respectful hand under the gill, for which

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kindness he battered me about the legs with his tail, and I felt the strength of him and was proud.

California had taken my place in the shallows, his fish hard held. I was up the bank, lying full length on the sweet-scented grass and gasping in company with my first salmon caught, played, and landed on an eight ounce rod. My hands were cut and bleeding, I was dripping with sweat, spangled like a harlequin with scales, water from my waist down, nose peeled by the sun, but utterly, supremely happy.

The beauty, the darling, *my* SALMON, weighed twelve pounds, and I had been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank. He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw, and the hook had not wearied him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads, greater than them all.

RUDYARD KIPLING (*Abridged*).

rif'fles, rocks under shallow water.
scut'ter, a rush; a quick dash.
pon'der-ous, heavy.
har'le-quin, a clown.
tense, stretched tight.
weir, a fishing net set vertically in the water.
gaffed, hooked with a pole with a sharp iron point.
en-thu'si-asm, eager feeling.

A wild scutter in the water was my reward. A plunge was my reward. A break for the head-waters of the Clackamas was my reward.

How many things were my rewards?

A wild scutter in the water, a plunge, and a break for the head-waters of the Clackamas were my rewards.

When two or more subjects are used with one predicate, they form a ***compound*** subject.

From the sentences with compound subjects, make sentences with only one subject: The little man in green, and the minnows with silver tails taught Tom a lesson.

A ballad called the Lighthouse Tragedy, and a song on the taking of Teach were among Franklin's first poems.

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A PAIR OF EAGLES

In a thick damp wood near a lake in Levy county, Florida, stands a tall pine tree, which for fifteen years has held a nest of the bald eagle. For ninety-one feet the great pine raises its slender trunk without a branch. Thirty feet higher is the nest in the main fork of the tree, which here sends out three limbs.

The nest is a large one. Year after year it has been used, and the birds each season, in repairing it, have added material until it has become more than four feet in thickness. In width it is likewise about four feet. Some of the sticks used extend outward at the sides, making the diameter of the nest fully six feet.

The materials of the nest are largely dead twigs and small pine branches. Some are only a few inches in length, while others are two feet long. The structure is slightly basin-shaped on top, and the depression in the center is about four inches deep. This is lined with dry moss.

These shrewd old eagles have long been a terror to the wild ducks that gather in winter on the neighboring lake, and a source of continual annoyance to the sheep raisers of the surrounding country. Their careers would long ago have been cut short if the plans of any of the numerous hunting expeditions against them had been successfully carried out.

Poison has been repeatedly set, and scores of rifle balls have sung their way through the forest, or across the lake, to strike out the lives of these troublesome enemies. But the bald eagles have lived on unharmed.

Exasperated at the number of lambs carried out of his pasture one year by these birds, the owner vowed that he would

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never know happiness again until he had killed at least one of the robbers. No opportunity came to him that summer for carrying out his threat.

Desiring to examine the nest more closely than could be done with an opera glass, I determined to climb the tree. This I accomplished on January twentieth. Taking a narrow board three feet long, I nailed it crosswise to the tree about five feet from the ground.

Clambering up this board by the aid of climbing irons strapped to my feet, I stood and nailed another cleat in like manner five feet above the first. A rope thrown over one shoulder and tied around the tree aided me in holding my position as I nailed.

The strips of wood were drawn up with a cord as they were used, my companion on the ground setting the nails in each beforehand. By this slow method I reached the nest at the end of an hour and a half.

Above my head was a cart load of sticks and rotting twigs which had yet to be passed. In order to climb up one of the large limbs against which the nest rested, I was obliged to tear away several armfuls of the materials.

At length I raised my head above the level of the nest and beheld two eaglets lying flat upon their breasts. They were about the size of half-grown chickens, and had bodies covered with whitish down. They offered no resistance to my handling, and uttered only a low whistling cry.

Soon after I began the ascent the old birds appeared. As long as I remained in the tree, they continued to soar anxiously about, at a safe distance, uttering occasionally a high-pitched scream.

Only once was there any appearance of an attack from them.

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The larger one, which I thus judged to be the female, while flying at a distance of perhaps one hundred yards, and at an equal elevation with myself, suddenly changed her course, and came at me straight as an arrow. With raised hatchet I

awaited the assault, but when within thirty feet her courage failed, and she turned sharply to one side and passed on.

I had hoped to find eggs, and determined to be at the nest on time for this another season. The next year the weather was stormy, and I was delayed until the fourteenth of the

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same month. The nest was again found to contain young. This time they were larger than those of the previous year. From tip to tip of wings they measured three and one half feet.

The feathers of the adult bird are dark brown, except the head, neck, and tail, which are white. On account of the white appearance of the head, so different from the back and wings, the bird might be thought at a distance not to have any head feathers. Hence, possibly, came the name by which it is usually known—the bald eagle. This white part of the plumage does not come until the bird is over two years old.

An eagle's foot is especially adapted to seizing and holding its prey. The muscles of the legs are so arranged that when the weight of the body is thrown on the foot, the long sharp claws are driven deep, and once they close on a victim there is no escape.

In mountainous regions bald eagles often build their nests on cliffs. In many places they are more or less destructive to lambs and young pigs.

Where the supply of fish, grouse, squirrels, or other natural prey is plentiful, domestic animals are seldom disturbed. Only once have I witnessed such a capture. An eagle carried off before my eyes a grown hen from a neighbor's barnyard.

They are especially fond of fish. These they usually procure by swooping down and snatching them from the water in their talons. It is also well known that they sometimes rob the ospreys of the fish which they have caught. There is, therefore, little neighborly love between the eagles and fish hawks of a community.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

a-dult', full-grown.
ca-reer', course of life.
cleat, a strip of wood.
shrewd, sharp-witted.

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T. GILBERT PEARSON, professor of biology and geology in the State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro, North Carolina, is a lover of out-door life, and a close observer of nature. This story is from a delightful book called "Stories of Bird Life." Of this book Professor Pearson says: "Should the stories serve to give the reader a little more intimate acquaintance with our feathered neighbors of the field and woodland, my main object will have been accomplished."

[The story is used here by permission of the B. F. Johnson Company.]

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LOYAL KNIGHT

Some centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. We forget their names for the present; but to make easy the telling of my story, we shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper and a rebel, and John returned the compliment.

Well, John at last defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried everything triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town. This town had been intrusted by Alfonso

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to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and after a long siege, still remained unconquered.

"You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight; "surrender, and you shall have the most liberal terms."

"If you had read the history of your country," answered Aguilar, "you would have known that none of my race ever surrendered."

"I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool."

"Starve an eagle if you can."

"I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword."

"Try," was the laconic reply, and the siege went on.

One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the city, a parley sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the king below. "Surrender," said John again. "My rival, Alfonso, is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway as that of its legitimate sovereign."

"Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master."

"Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies. You have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way; nor against the city in your absence."

The knight came out with banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks. As he passed along, slowly riding his noble war-horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host that had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume that waved in his helmet was out of sight.

He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the Cathedral,

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AGUILAR LEAVING THE CASTLE

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where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face that met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: "Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to anybody but yourself the keys of the town, which you had intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath." And he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso. Then, bestriding his good steed, he galloped back to his post.

As soon as he approached, the ranks of the enemy again opened, and King John confronted him. "Well," said the king, "are you satisfied, and do you now give up the contest?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Where are the keys of the town?"

"On King Alfonso's breast. Go and get them. We meet no more."

"We shall never part!" exclaimed the king; "get the keys back yourself, and remain in command of the town in my name." The followers of the king murmured, and complained of his rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer one," said King John; "such rebels, when won, become the best subjects."

CHARLES E. A. GAYARRÉ.

u-surp'er, one who seizes power unlawfully.
ob'sti-nate, stubborn and perverse.
la-con'ic, brief and pointed.
grim-vis'aged, with stern faces.
rec'og-niz-es, accepts; acknowledges.
le-git'i-mate, lawful.
con-front'ed, met; stood facing.

CHARLES E. A. GAYARRÉ (1805–95), an American historian, was born in Louisiana. He was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia and began the practice of law in New Orleans when he was twenty-five years old. He held many political offices in his native state, and wrote several histories of Louisiana.

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THE PERFECT LIFE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measure, life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

FAME

Her house is all of echo made
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637) was an English writer of plays. He had to leave college because of poverty, and help his stepfather, a brick mason. Becoming disgusted with this kind of work, he went with the English army to Flanders. There he distinguished himself for his bravery. When he came back to England, "he brought little but the reputation of a brave man, a smattering of Dutch, and an empty purse." When he was twenty-five years old he produced a play, "Every Man in His Humor," which brought him into notice. After that he produced many successful plays. Shakespeare acted in one of them. In comparing Shakespeare and Jonson, a famous critic says that he considers Jonson the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. "I admire Jonson—but I love Shakespeare."

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THARALD'S OTTER

You would scarcely think that an otter could be a pleasant companion. Strange as it may seem, this one, whose name was Mons, improved greatly as soon as he got into civilized society.

He was scarcely six inches long when Tharald caught him. But he was so sleek and nimble and glossy, that it was a delight to handle him. His fur was of a dark brown, and when it was wet, it looked black. It was so thick that you could not, even by pulling the hair apart, get the slightest glimpse of the skin.

But the most remarkable things about Mons were the webs he had between his toes, and his long glossy whiskers. Of the latter he was proud, and would allow no one to touch them.

As the strongest trait of character, this otter was very inquisitive. Again and again he explored the flour barrel, and came out as white as a miller. Once he put his nose into an inkstand, and in drawing it out, poured the contents over his head.

In the part of Norway where Tharald's father lived, the people earned some of their money by salmon-fishing. Some who had no land made their living by fishing and shooting.

Every spring the salmon came from the sea into the rivers to lay their eggs. You could see their young darting over the pebbles in the stream, followed by big fish that wanted to eat them. The perch and the trout grew fat, and the pike and the pickerel made royal meals out of the perch and trout.

It was during this season that Tharald one day walked down to the lake to try his luck with a fly. Mons, who was now a year old, was sitting on Tharald's shoulder. The otter was so fond of his master that he followed him like a dog.

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"Mons," said Tharald, after having vainly thrown the fly a dozen times into the river, "I think that this is a poor day for fishing. What do you think?"

At that very instant a big six-pound salmon-trout leaped for the fly. The line flew with a hum from the reel, and Tharald

MONS LANDS A TROUT

braced himself to "play" the fish, until he could land it. The trout sprang out of the water, and his beautiful spotted sides gleamed in the sun.

That was a sight for Mons! Before his master could prevent him, he plunged from his shoulder into the lake, and shot through the clear tide like a black arrow. The trout saw him

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coming, and made a desperate leap! The line snapped; the trout was free!

Free! It was delightful to see Mons's supple body as it glided through the water, bending upward, downward, sideward, with amazing swiftness and ease. His two big eyes, so near the tip of his nose that he could see in every direction with scarcely a turn of his head, peered through the tide, keeping ever in the wake of the fleeing fish.

Finally, by a brisk turn, the otter plunged his teeth into the trout's neck, and brought him to land. You need not be told that Tharald made a hero of Mons. He hugged him and patted him and called him pet names, until Mons grew quite bashful. But this event gave Tharald an idea. He determined to train the otter as a salmon-fisher.

When Mons was two years old, he landed his first salmon. Soon he had a second and a third. Tharald felt like a rich man that day, as he carried home in his basket three silvery beauties, worth a dollar and a half apiece. He made haste to dispose of them to an English yachtsman, and went home, dreaming of "gold and forests green," as the Norwegians say.

"Now, Mons," he said to his friend, "if we do as well every day as we have done to-day, we shall soon be rich enough to go to school. What do you think of that Mons?"

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN (*Abridged*).

civ'i-lized, cultivated in the arts of life.
nim'ble, spry, quick.
in-quis'i-tive, seeking for knowledge; prying.
trait, a special quality.
vain'ly, without success.
des'per-ate, bold and reckless.
a-maz'ing, exciting wonder.
sup'ple, easily bent.
wake, track.
peered, looked closely.

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HJALMAR H. BOYESEN (1848–95) was born in Norway, but came to America when he was only twenty-one years of age. He was professor of German at Cornell University for six years, and afterward became a member of the faculty of Columbia College. He wrote novels, poetry, sketches and essays. "Gunnar, a Tale of Norse Life," "A Norseman's Pilgrimage," "Ilka on the Hill-Top," and "Idylls of Norway" are among his best known writings. The above selection is from "The Modern Vikings," and is used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
—But the kitten—how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.

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What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

con-veyed', carried.
sylph, an airy spirit.
in-tense'ness, strength.
con'jur-er, a magician.
in-vis'i-ble, not to be seen.
par'a-chute, a kind of umbrella used in descending from a balloon.

The kitten meets the coming prey. The kitten lets it go as fast. The kitten then has it in her power again.

How many things are done by the kitten?

The kitten meets the coming prey, lets it go as fast, and then has it in her power again.

When two or more predicates are used with one subject, they form a ***compound*** predicate.

From the sentences with compound predicates, make sentences with only one predicate: I shut my eyes, clung tightly to the arch, and took the plunge.

My master works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great mills.

Elizabeth hastened into the house, found the keg of powder, and darted out.

When the parts of a compound subject or of a compound predicate are long and differently modified, by what mark should they be separated?

Write five sentences with compound subjects.

Write five sentences with compound predicates.

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SCOTT AND HIS HOME

It is among the very earliest recollections of my school-days, that the master told us youngsters, that the great author Sir Walter Scott was dead. And I think some lout of a boy down the bench, who was a better hand at marbles than he ever was at books, said in a whisper that two or three of us caught, "I wonder who he was?"

It was at a later day that we boys began to catch the full flavor of "Waverley," and the "Heart of Midlothian," and of that glorious story of battles and single-handed fights in which the gallant Saladin and the ponderous Richard of the Lion Heart took part.

We may possibly have read at that age his "Tales of a Grandfather"; and we may have heard our kinsfolk talk admiringly of the "Lady of the Lake," and of "Marmion"; but we did not measure fairly the full depth of the school-master's grave manner, when he told us, in 1832, that Walter Scott was dead.

For my part, when I did get into the full spirit of "Guy Mannering" and of "Ivanhoe," some years later, it seemed to me a great pity that a man who could make such books should die at all,—and a pity that he should not go on writing them to the latest generation of men.

That feeling, I think, I had not wholly shaken off when I wandered twelve years later along the Tweed, looking sharply out in the Scotch mist for the gray ruin of Melrose Abbey.

I knew that this beautiful ruin was near to the old homestead of Walter Scott, toward which I had set off on a foot pilgrimage, a day before, from the old border-town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. I had kept close along the river,—seeing shep-

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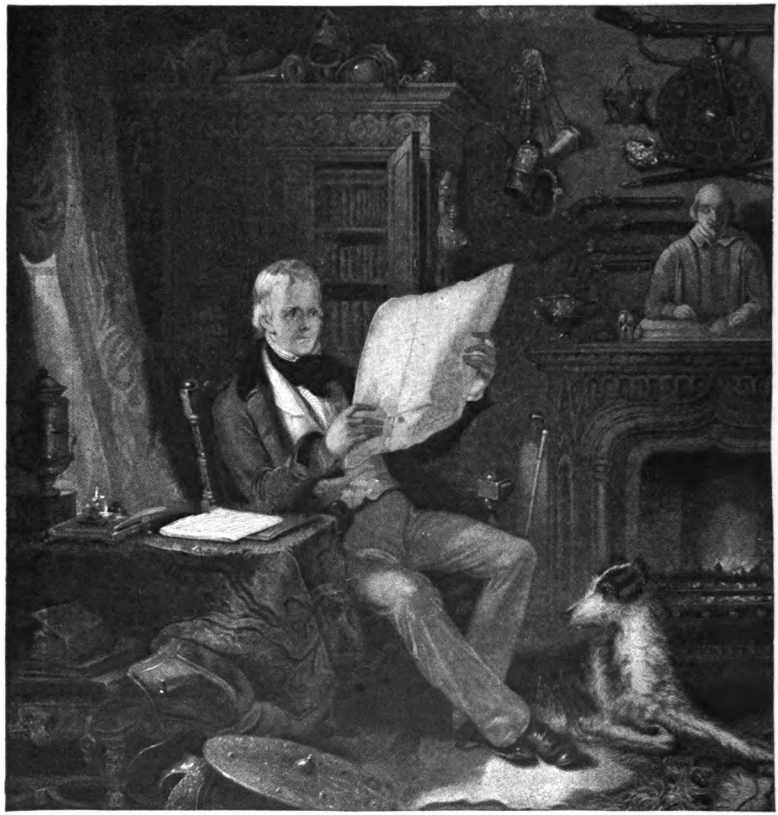
herds at sheep-washing on Tweed-side,—seeing old Norham Castle, and Coldstream Bridge, and the palace of the Duke of Roxborough.



SCOTT IN HIS STUDY

I had slept at Kelso, had studied the great bit of ruin which is there, and had caught glimpses of Teviotdale, and of the Eildon Hills. I had dined at the drover's inn of St. Boswell's;

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I had trudged out of my way for a good look at Smaillholme Tower, and at the farmhouse of Sandy Knowe, both of which you will find mentioned if you read (as you should) Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Dryburgh Abbey, with its gloom, and rich tresses of ivy vines, where the great writer lies buried, came later in the day. At last, in the gloaming I toiled into the little town of Melrose. There is not much to be seen there but the Abbey in its ghostly ruin. I slept at the George Inn, dreaming—as I dare say you would have done—of "Ivanhoe," "Rebecca," and border wars and "Old Mortality."

DRYBURGH ABBEY

Next morning after breakfast I strolled two miles or so down the road, and by a little green foot-gate entered upon the grounds of Abbotsford. This was the home that Walter Scott created, and the home where he died.

The forest trees under which I walked were those which he had planted. I found his favorite out-of-door seat, sheltered by a thicket of arbor-vitæ trees, from which there could be caught a glimpse of the rippled surface of the Tweed, and a glimpse of the many turrets that crowned the house of Abbotsford.

But, pray, where were Tom Purdy, and Laidlaw, and Maida, and Sibyl Gray? For you must remember I was, in that day, fresh from a first reading of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," in

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which all these, and many more, appear, and give life and stir to the surroundings of this home at Abbotsford.

You will read that book by Lockhart some day, and you will find in it, that Tom Purdy was an old out-of-door servant of Scott, who looked after the plantation and the dogs, and always accompanied the master upon his hunting frolics and his mountain strolls. Laidlaw did service in a more important way in-doors,—reading and writing for the master of the house.

Maida was a noble stag-hound, whom Scott loved almost as much as any creature about him, and of whom he has left a charming portrait in old Bevis,—whose acquaintance you will make whenever you come to read the tale of Woodstock. As to Sibyl Gray, that was the name of the stout nag which carried Scott safely through fords and fens.

DONALD G. MITCHELL (*Abridged*).

rec″ol-lec′tions, things recalled to mind.
gen″er-a′tion, the men and women living at a given time.
pil′grim-age, a journey.
trudged, walked wearily.
por′trait, a picture or description of a person.

DONALD G. MITCHELL (1822–) has written some delightful novels and essays under the pen-name of Ik Marvel. Mr. Mitchell gives a gently humorous turn to much of his writing, and besides being humorous, he knows how to express delicate sentiment in graceful language. He has always been a lover of nature, and for many years has lived on his farm, Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn. "About Old Story-tellers," is the name of the book from which "Scott and His Home" is taken. The most famous of all Mr. Mitchell's books is his novel, "The Reveries of a Bachelor," but his nature studies of life at Edgewood are quite as fine in their way. This selection is reproduced by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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THE SINGING LEAVES

A Ballad

I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun;
Now say what shall it be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'"

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Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no singing leaves were there.

Then deep in the green wood rode he
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of sea far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

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"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the singing leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at the castle gate,
And the princess shall get the singing leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The singing leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

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"Lo, here the singing leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine."

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,

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For they sing to my very heart," she said,
" And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

fair'ings, trinkets bought at the fair.
as'pen, a tree with quivering leaves.
true'some, true.
plight, to promise.
trans-fig'ures, changes to unnatural brightness.
her'it-age, property that comes to one through the death of a relative.
earl'dom, lands of an earl.

A WAR-TIME ADVENTURE

After crossing the gully, and walking on through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, Frank and Willy turned into the path.

They were talking very merrily about the General and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into the road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers, quietly sitting on their horses, evidently guarding the road.

The sight of the bluecoats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late—they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as

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birds in the trees stop chirping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, "Halt there!" and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked, as he came up to them.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over there—at Oakland," pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

"Where have you been?" The other soldiers had come up now.

"Been down this way." The boys' voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

"Been to see your brother?" asked one who had not spoken before—a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

"Now, boys, we know where you have been," said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull sorrel horse. "You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you've been to see 'em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are."

"No, we're not," said Frank doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

"If you don't, it's going to be pretty bad for you," said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and, catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy's face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

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"Go ahead,"—continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. "You four men remain here till we come back," he said to the men on the ground, and to two others on horseback. "Keep him here," jerking his thumb toward Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

"I'm going with Frank," said Willy. "Let me go." This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might.

"Willy, he's not going to hurt you,—don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flanks that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny! he's not going to hurt him," said one of the men kindly. He had a brown beard and shining white teeth.

They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I'm not going to tell," said he firmly.

"Look here, Johnny; we've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it easy. If you don't, we're going to make you."

The boy said nothing.

"You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." The corporal himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth.

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"Get down!"—this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand.

"Are you going to tell us?" he asked.

"No."

"Don't you know?" he came a step nearer, and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy's face paled, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

"If you say you don't know"—said the man, hesitating in the face of the boy's resolution. "Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, I know; but I'm not going to tell you," said Frank, bursting into tears.

"The little Johnny's game," said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied:

"You can try, but it isn't going to do any good. I don't half like it, anyway."

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

"If you don't tell, we are going to shoot you," said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

The boy shut his mouth close, and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him, and tied them.

"Get ready, men," he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought that his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot

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Willy, too. Then he thought of his father, and how proud he would be of his son's bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

"The knot—hurts my hands," he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

"I wasn't crying because I was scared," said Frank.

The kind-looking fellow turned away.

"Now, boys, get ready," said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

How large it looked to Frank! He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods, and if his mother would come and kiss him.

"I want to say my prayers," he said faintly.

The soldier made some reply, which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before the boy's eyes.

Next, he thought that he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face, and was lying down. He heard some one say, "He's coming to"; and another replied, "Thank God!"

He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him, throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"That's all right," said the little corporal kindly. "We were just a-fooling a bit with you, Johnny."

"We never meant to hurt you," said the other. "You feel better now?"

"Yes; where's Willy?" He was too tired to move.

"He's all right. We'll take you to him."

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"Am I shot?" asked Frank.

"No! Do you think we'd have touched a hair of your head —and you such a brave little fellow? We were just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far, and you got a little faint,—that's all."

The voice was so kindly that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I'll carry you, b-bless your heart!"

The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood-path, in fancy he was at home in Delaware; or that the pressure the boy felt from his strong arms, was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight of the other soldiers, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his

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eyes when his brother reappeared, and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit," as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

par'-a-lyzed, unnerved; unable to act.
e-mo'tion, excitement of the feelings.
in-dif'fer-ent, lacking in interest.
de-clined', refused to accept.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853–) was born at Oakland Plantation, Virginia. In his boyhood he and his brothers played about their father's plantation, near which the Army of Northern Virginia camped for two winters after the Civil War broke out. Through this the boys saw real camp life, and learned numerous stories of the war. Mr. Page has written of these experiences and stories in "Two Little Confederates," from which this story is taken, "Among the Camps," "The Burial of the Guns," and "A Captured Santa Claus." He has also written "In Ole Virginia," "Meh Lady," "Red Rock," and other interesting stories and novels. "A War-Time Adventure" is used in this book by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

GEORGE L. TAYLOR.

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SPRING TWILIGHT

Singing in the rain, robin?
  Rippling out so fast
All thy flute-like notes, as if
  This singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin?
  Though the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still,
  Dripping from leaf and limb.

Surely, thus to sing, robin,
  Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the shower,
  And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!
  Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
  Their sorrow into song.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841–87) was an American poet, who was born in Connecticut. He was a graduate of Yale, and afterward became professor of the English language and literature in the University of California. Among his works are "The Venus of Milo" and a volume entitled "Poems." "Spring Twilight," like many others of his short poems, has a delicate beauty both in the thought and in the form.

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A WOLF-HUNT

The light from the faintly yellow east had begun to fill the room when the sound of a galloping horse, rapidly approaching from the south, wakened Lincoln Stewart, and then a whistle mingled with the trample of the horse brought to a halt.

"That's Milton Jennings!" he cried, leaping from his bed into the frosty air, and hurriedly dressing.

When Lincoln got outdoors, the horseman was at the gate, seated on a restless gray colt.

"Aren't you up early for a Seminary chap?"

"Oh, I guess I haven't lost all my stamina with one term o' school," laughed Milton.

"Had breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Well, I haven't, so you put Mark in the barn, and wait while I eat."

After a hasty breakfast, the boys brought out the colts. Mark came first, snuffing and alert, and Milton put one toe into the stirrup and swung gracefully into the saddle. Lincoln followed with Cassius, wild already, as if he smelled the game.

As Lincoln seized the pommel of his saddle, the horse plunged and reared and flew away sidewise, but the boy hung to the bridle and mane, and as he whirled, leaped into his seat and had the wild brute in hand before he could make a second rush. He was too good a horseman to be irritated by high spirits in a horse.

As they rode, the sun rose, and its rays, striking along the horizon, changed the level prairie into a flat basin, with the

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horsemen low in the center. To the east the line of timber seemed to rise far out of its normal position. Ten miles to the west, the larger and deeper forest seemed only three or four miles away.

"Will the boys be on hand?" asked Lincoln.

"Oh, yes! This snow'll bring them out. It was the signal. We'll find them at the school house."

Some miles to the north, and just over the state line, a big square of wild land still lay. Upon it, as upon an island, the wolves, foxes, and badgers had taken refuge, and the Iowa boys had made several hunting trips "across the line," but Lincoln had never before taken part in them. Rance Knight, who always had a hand in any expedition of this kind, had been in two wolf-hunts, and was the natural leader of this one.

As the boys rode steadily on, three horsemen could be seen making easy way along another lane. When Milton caught sight of them, he rose in his saddle and uttered a wild whoop, which made a remarkable change in the pace of the other horsemen.

Answering yells rose, and a fine race took place. Lincoln let the rein loose on Cassius, dug his heel into his flank, and was off before Milton's protest could reach him.

Milton held Mark down to an easy lope, and watched the race between Lincoln and the nearest horseman mounted on a black horse. Lincoln was a little nearer to the goal, but had a ravine to cross; and though the iron-sided Cassius did his best, the black turned in just a neck ahead.

When Milton cantered calmly up to the crowd, they all yelled.

"He isn't any good, that gray horse! Why didn't you let him out?"

"You'll find out why, later in the day," responded Milton

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coolly. "When the rest of your horses are all winded, Mark'll be fresh as a daisy."

"That's so! That's a fact. Didn't think of that," the rest replied.

Soon, Rance, too, turned up, riding Ladrone, and in a few minutes they were all mounted. "Now we must be off," said Rance. "Keep behind me, don't race, and don't make too much noise. We strike for the big popple grove. All ready—into line. March."

He wheeled his horse and rode away at an easy gallop, followed by his laughing, jostling troop, along the road between fields, leading to the north. The day promised to be bright; the snow was just right; deep enough to aid in detecting the wolves, and not so deep as to interfere with the speed of the horses.

It was about ten o'clock when Rance pulled up on the edge of the range. "Now, then, Lincoln, you take Milt and Cy, and strike into that patch of hazel bush to the right, and remember, if you start a wolf, don't try to run him down, unless you're close on him. He'll run in a circle—and while you're after him, fire a shot to let us know, and we'll cut across lots. When we strike his trail, you pull right off, and cut across behind us. If he turns to the right or left, let us know."

It was exhilarating to breathe the keen prairie air, to feel under one's thigh the powerful swing of muscles firm as iron, to know that at any moment a wolf might start up from the bush. The horses caught the excitement, champed their bits impatiently, and spurned the glittering snow high into the air.

Soon a shot was heard, and wild yells from the right division. A moment later, out from behind a popple grove leaped a wolf, followed by a squad of horsemen. Instantly all the captain's

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commands were forgotten. Everybody joined pursuit, whooping, laughing, firing, without an idea of order.

The wolf was surprised, but seemed to grasp the situation. In less than ten seconds the whole troop were in a huddle and riding fast, except Rance, who was now on the extreme left, cutting diagonally across. He fired his gun to interrupt his mob of excited hunters, and rode right into their front.

"Halt! Hold on there!"

He waited until they all came back around him.

"Now, what way of doing business is that? How many wolves are you going to kill by winding every horse in the crowd the first jump? You'll kill more horses than wolves. Listen to me: We don't want more than three horses after the wolf at the same time. The others must cut him off. Don't be in a hurry—wait and see where he's heading."

The boys were silent.

"Milt and Lincoln were all right. They started the game. But the rest of you were all wrong. Now, the wolf is in that big tow-head there. Cy, you go to the right, Milt, you go to the left, I'll take the center, and we'll see if we can go at this man-fashion."

In a few minutes they had partially encircled the grove and were moving down on it. Again the wolf broke cover, and started to the left. He was not aware of Milton and Lincoln, because they were hidden by a bunch of aspens, and Lincoln gave a wild whoop as the yellow-brown grizzled creature darted around the grove, almost under his feet, and entered the brush before the boy could collect himself.

Cassius leading, the party of four rushed into the brown hazel patch, a rushing, snorting squadron. The brush impeded and

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bewildered the wolf and he doubled on his track, bursting out on the prairie again, at an oblique angle to the course of the other horsemen.

The chase became magnificent. The wolf seemed to float along the ground, his long tail waving, his ears alert. Rance

"HE WAS UPON HIM WITH A RUSH, AND FIRED"

was riding like mad, to intercept him, and the wolf did not seem to understand,—but he did: just as Ladrone seemed upon him, he disappeared. Rance reined sharply to the left, and waved his hat to Lincoln, who comprehended the situation. The wolf had entered a deep ravine, which ran to the southeast, and was doubling again, seeking his den.

"He's going back!" shouted Milton, letting Mark out for the first time. The grand brute, snorting with delight, slid

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over the ground, light as the wolf himself. The rider sat him as if he were standing still, but exulting to feel the vast power and pride of his horse.

"See that horse run!" shouted Lincoln in delight. The majestic colt swept down upon the wolf, as if all eyes were upon him, and his honor at stake. Milton could see the head of the wolf. It seemed as though Mark must run him down, so certainly equal were the distances, but Mark thundered down the slope and into the swale a few rods in advance.

The wolf whipped out behind,—Milton fired twice,—but the fugitive kept on. He reined Mark sharply to the right, with unabated speed, and rode back up the slope, waving his hat to show the way that the wolf had gone.

But the others had seen the change in course, and were driving down on the wily fugitive in a body. Ed Blackler was in the lead, his gun ready, guiding his horse by the pressure of his knees. He was upon him with a rush, and fired.

The wolf leaped into the air, rose, avoided the rush of the black, and started into the brush. Now was Lincoln's opportunity, and striking Cassius with the flat of his hand, he swept upon the wolf like a whirlwind. The wounded beast fell under the feet of the wild-eyed Cassius, who would have trampled fire in his excitement.

When Milton rode up to the circle of panting horses and excited boys, Lincoln was handing the tail to Ed Blackler, and Rance was saying:—

"The ears are yours, Link. That crazy horse of yours did the business."

The boys were delighted with the result. Everybody praised the superb run made by Mark, the good shooting done by Ed

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Blackler, and the mad courage of Cassius, who bore the marks of the wolf's teeth on his legs.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

stam'i-na, vigor; endurance.
ir'ri-ta"ted, annoyed.
im-pe'ded, hindered.
can'ter-ed, galloped slowly.
ex-hil'a-ra"ting, producing joy and liveliness.
im-pa'tient-ly, uneasily; fretfully.
par'tial-ly, in part; not complete.
com"pre-hend'ed, understood or included.
swale, wet lowland or swamp.
un-a-ba'ted, not lessened.
fu'gi-tive, one who flees from pursuit.

HAMLIN GARLAND was born in Wisconsin, but spent his childhood in Iowa. As a boy he worked on a farm when he was not going to school. Most of his stories and novels are about western people and western places. "Boy Life on the Prairies"—from which "A Wolf Hunt" is taken—is a book that boys like. "Main Traveled Roads" is a collection of some of Mr. Garland's best short stories. "The Eagle's Heart" and "Prairie Folks" are the titles of two more of his popular books. The above selection is taken from the first-named book, by permission of the Macmillan Company.

1. Now, what way of doing business is that? 2. Now, then, Lincoln, you take Milt and Cy. 3. Rance, too, turned up, riding Ladrone. 4. Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a man of poor appearance. 5. After all, however, his fish were great curiosities. 6. Fishing, to be sure, is not easy.

Read these sentences, omitting now, then, too, nevertheless, however, *and* to be sure. These terms are said to be used ***independently.***

How should words and phrases used independently be separated from the rest of the sentence?

Write about an outing that you have had:

1. A day at the sea-shore.
2. A day in the city.
3. Gathering nuts.
4. A picnic.
5. Visiting a famous place.
6. A day in the country.
7. Playing in the park.
8. Gathering berries.
9. Fishing.
10. Spending a holiday.

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A SECOND TRIAL

It was commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rosé-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved half-smiling to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you," we seemed fairly introduced.

Other persons now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said: "My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmother; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

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"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nose-gay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my recognizing her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the program. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I almost know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——.'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those big words rolling out of the smiling childish mouth.

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As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand.

I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like one in a dream, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless

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silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand into his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered "yes."

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition,

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he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man that had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger. The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child, the child that had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

val″e-dic-to′ri-an, the one who gives the farewell address; the holder of the first honor in a class.

con′cen-tra″ted, fixed; brought to a point.

i-den′ti-fied, made his work a part of her life.

ap-pre′ci-ate, to value at the true worth.

au″to-mat′ic, like a figure moved by machinery.

hu-mil″i-a′tion, disgrace and sorrow.

per″mu-ta′tions, arrangements of things in all possible orders.

ka-lei′do-scope, an instrument which shows different views and colors.

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MY KATE

She was not so pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

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None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here with her grave—
My Kate.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

pe-cul'iar, unlike any other.
im-plied', meant, but not said.
thrall, slavery.
rib'ald, coarse; rude.
in-fer', conclude.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806–61) was a gifted English poet. Her father was a wealthy London merchant, and gave her the best advantages in education. She began to write verse at the age of ten, and had become famous before she was thirty. She was naturally delicate, and her health was almost ruined by grief for the death of her brother, who was drowned. After that event she had to remain for years in a darkened room. She was married to Robert Browning in 1846 and lived in Italy until her death. "Casa Guidi Windows," a poem about Italy, and "Aurora Leigh," a novel in verse, are two of her most important works. Some of her short poems are exquisitely beautiful. "The Cry of the Children" has done great good in calling the attention of people to the work of young children in mines and factories, and bringing about laws for their protection.

Write a word that means the opposite of pretty, warm, darkest, outer, loud, dull, wise, wrong, baser, sorrowful, unattractive, weak, rough.

Write: praise, blame; ask, answer; found, lost; attract, repel; melt, freeze; best, worst; remembered, forgotten; rude, refined; pulled, pushed; silence, noise.

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AT LUCERNE

Photographs, casts, and carvings of the Lucerne Lion, all, even the best of them, fall short of expressing the simple grandeur of Thorwaldsen's boldest work. The face of a perpendicular sand-stone cliff was hewn roughly,—not smoothed or polished in any part. Half-way up was quarried a niche, and in this, as in a lair, is a lion nearly thirty feet long.

The splintered shank of a lance projects from his side. The head—broken or bitten off in his mortal throe, lies by the shield of France, which is embossed with the *fleur de lys*. One huge paw protects the sacred emblem. He has dragged himself, with a final rally of strength, to die upon, while caressing it. He will never move again. The limbs are relaxed, the mighty frame stretched by the convulsion that wrenched away his life.

He is dead,—not daunted; conquered,—not subdued. The blended grief and ferocity in his face are human and heroic, not brutal. In the rock above and below the den are cut a Latin epitaph, and the names of twenty-six men. "*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.*[1] *Die X Aug. II et III Sept., 1792,*" begins the inscription.

Who has not read, oft and again, how the Swiss Guard of twenty-six officers and seven hundred and fifty privates were cut to pieces to a man in defence of the royal prisoner of the Tuilleries against the mob thirsting for her blood? In the shop near the monument they show a fac-simile of the king's order to the Guards to be at the palace upon the fatal day.

Trailing vines have crept downward from the top and fis-

[1] To the fidelity and bravery of the Helvetii.

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sures of the cliff. Tall trees clothe the summit. A pool lies at the base, a slender fountain in the middle. There are always travelers seated upon the benches in front of the railing, guard-

THE LION OF LUCERNE

ing the water's brink, contemplating the dead monarch. It is the pride of Lucerne.

. . . . .

Around Lake Lucerne, otherwise known as the Lake of the Four Cantons, every rood of ground is memorable in the history of the gallant little Republic. Near it, Arnold Winkelried gathered into his breast the red sheaf of spears upon the battle-field of Sempach, July 9th, 1386.

The Confederate Brethren of Uri, Schyyz, and Unterwalden met at Rütli upon the very border of the lake, on the

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night of November 7th, 1307, and swore to give no rest to mind or body until Switzerland should be free.

William Tell was born at Bürglen, a few miles above Flülen. By the time we had re-read Schiller's "William Tell," and visited, with it in hand, Altorf, Küssnacht, and Tell's Platte, we credited the tales of his being and daring almost as devoutly as do the native Switzers.

Küssnacht is but a few miles back from the lake in the midst of a smiling country lying between water and the mountains. A crumbling wall on a hill-side to the left of the road was pointed out to us as the remains of Gessler's Castle. The Hollow Way in which Tell shot him is a romantic lane between steep, grassy banks and overhanging trees. It was by this that Gessler approached the tree behind which Tell lay, concealed, cross-bow in hand.

The exact place of the Tyrant's death is marked by a little chapel. A fresco in the porch depicts the scene described by Schiller. The purple Alpine heather blossoms up to the church-door, and maiden-hair ferns fringe the foundation walls.

Tell's Platte—or Leap—is marked by a tiny chapel upon the extremest water's edge near Rütli. Its foundations are built into the rock upon which the patriot sprang from Gessler's boat. A great Thanksgiving Mass for Swiss liberty is performed here once in the year, attended by a vast concourse of people in gayly-decorated boats. There is not room on the shelving shore for a congregation.

Altorf is a clean Swiss village where the window curtains are all white, and where the children, clean, too, but generally bare-legged and bare-headed, turn out in a body to gather around the strangers that stop to look at the monument. A very undignified memorial it is of the valiant Liberator.

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"With which I meant to kill you had I hurt my son!" says the inscription on the pedestal. The lime-tree to which the

STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF

boy Albert was tied to be shot at was one hundred forty-seven measured paces away. That spot is now marked by a fountain.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

per"pen-dic'u-lar, upright.
grand'eur, greatness which excites admiration or awe.
con-vul'sion, a shaking due to the contraction of the muscles.
ep'i-taph, an inscription on a tombstone.
con'tem-pla"ting, viewing thoughtfully.
mem'o-ra-ble, worthy to be remembered.
fres'co, a decorative wall painting.
me-mo'ri-al, something in memory of.
val'iant, brave and noble.

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MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE, who writes under the name of Marion Harland, was born in Virginia in 1831, and has been writing for the press since she was fourteen years old. She has also conducted departments in several magazines; among others, *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*. Her books are of great variety. "When Grandmamma was Fourteen," is one of her most charming juvenile stories. "At Lucerne" is from "Loiterings in Pleasant Lands," a book of travel, and is here used by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming may reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—the port of Ujiji is below us.

At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! Our dreams, our hopes, and our anticipations are now about to be realized!

"Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!

"One, two, three—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery: we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below. Before we had gone a hundred

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yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us.

The mere sight of the flags informed every one that we were a caravan; but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people that now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the masthead of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon welcoming the beautiful flag with "Bindera Kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Then we were surrounded by them, and almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana! Yambo bana!" To all and each of my men the welcome was given. We are now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, "Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous.

"Who are you?" I ask.

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo," said I, "what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

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"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the Doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now, you, Susi, run, and tell the Doctor that I am coming."

"Yes, sir," and he darted off like a madman.

By this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them.

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name. He had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But during Susi's absence the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man who was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen. The great Arab magnates of Ujiji had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft. Selim said to me, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has a white beard."

Pushing back the crowds, and passing from the rear, I walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white

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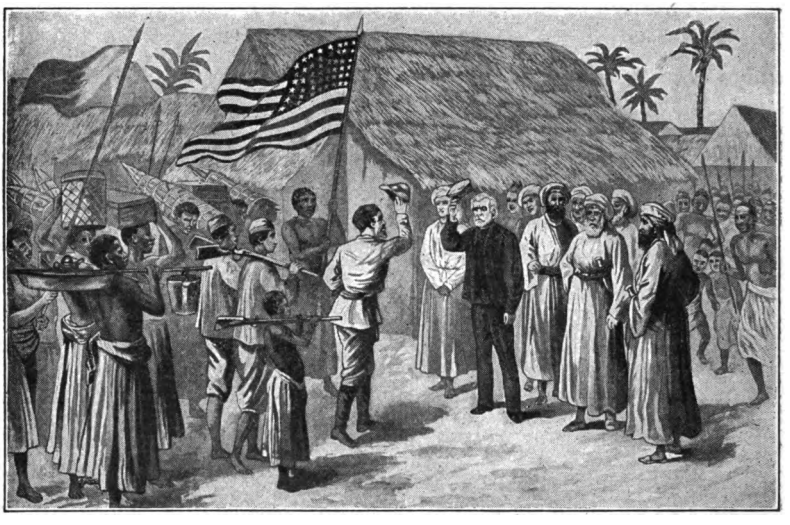
man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did



what cowardice and false pride suggested—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered: "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

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I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces toward his cottage.

He points to the veranda, or rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see that his age and experience in Africa have suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of each other, such as: "How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa.

Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the manners of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge that I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." What I saw was deeply in-

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teresting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

HENRY M. STANLEY.

an-tic″i-pa′tions, things looked forward to.
re′-al-ized, made real.
gi-gan′tic, of great size.
an′i-ma″ted, filled with life.
fer′vid, fiery; glowing with heat.
mag′nates, persons of importance.
kir-an-go′zi, a guide.
de-lib′er-ate-ly, slowly.
ob-liv′i-ous, not thinking of.
mu′tu-al-ly, in common; jointly.
con′ning, looking closely at.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:

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Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

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So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

casques, helmets.
cres'cent, the new or growing moon.
shrine, a place for the worship of some particular object.
brands, swords.
cen'ser, a vessel in which incense, or sweet gum, is burned.
yearn, to long for.
o'dors, perfumes.
hos'tel, an inn.

Tell the story of Sir Galahad's coming to the court of King Arthur.

Copy and study: The stone-cutter's life was rude. The stone-cutter worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

The stone-cutter's life was rude; he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

When the parts of a compound sentence are long or not closely connected, they should be separated by the ***semicolon.***

Combine so as to form compound sentences:

1. The stone-cutter at once became rich. The stone-cutter rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a robe of soft silk.

2. You may compel the Kamchatka dog to sleep out on the snow in the coldest weather. You may drive him with heavy loads until his feet crack open. You may starve him until he eats up his harness. But his strength and spirit seem alike unbroken.

3. My ballads were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street style. When my ballads were printed, he sent me about the town to sell them.

Separate into shorter sentences:

1. So pass I hostel, hall, and grange; by bridge and ford, by park and pole, all-armed I ride, whate'er betide, until I find the Holy Grail.

2. Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace; you turned from the fairest to gaze on her face; and when you had once seen her forehead and mouth, you saw as distinctly her soul and her truth.

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THE BURIAL OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

The followers of De Soto decided to conceal his death from the Indians. They had always been made believe that Christians did not die, and that De Soto himself was a god, who could read their secrets. Should they find out now that he was dead, the Spaniards feared that all, even the friendly Indians, would set upon them and overpower them.

As soon as the breath left the body, the new captain-general ordered the corpse to be kept hidden in the house for three days. To keep up the deception, the soldiers were bidden hide their grief under gay, careless faces, and to say that he was getting better. In all silence and secrecy, the officers made their preparations for the burial, seeking for the grave a place the Indians should not suspect.

In an open space just outside the village were a number of deep wide pits, dug by the Indians to obtain earth for their mounds. One of these was suggested and selected. At dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the Indians at a distance, the officers, cavaliers, and priests carried the dead leader thither, laid him in the pit, and filled it with earth.

The next day, to remove all traces of what they had done and still further deceive the Indians, they gave out that De Soto was getting well. Then jumping on their horses with a great pretence of joy and festivity, they galloped all over the plain, around the pits and over the grave. Already great quantities of water had been poured out as though to lay the dust, and now the horses' hoofs trampled the ground into an even surface.

But their precautions were in vain. The Indians were soon

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passing and repassing among the pits, looking with careful attention about them, whispering to one another, motioning with their chins, and winking their eyes in the direction of the grave.

The Spaniards now grew suspicious themselves, and, uneasy and fearful, they decided to take the body from the place it was in and bury it somewhere else, so that if the Indians searched for it, they would not be so sure of finding it, and the search would be more difficult. For, as the Spaniards knew and said, if the Indians suspected that a body was buried there, they would dig the whole plain up with their hands, and never rest until they found it. And if they found that the body was that of De Soto, then they would wreak upon him, dead, what they would not dare even think of in his presence, living.

Then came the inspiration to bury their leader in the Great River itself which he had discovered; there, and there alone, said the officers, would the body be safe from savage insult and outrage. His good friend Juan d'Añasco, and four other captains undertook to sound for a proper place. Taking with them a Biscayan sailor who was clever with the lead, they rowed over in the evening to the middle of the river, and while pretending to fish, sounded it, and found in the channel a depth of nineteen fathoms. There they decided should be the grave.

As there were no stones in that region with which to weight the body and sink it to the bottom, they had a large oak tree felled, in the trunk of which was hollowed out a place the length of a man. De Soto's body was taken up and placed in the oak. There he lay as in a coffin, and the opening was carefully closed.

The cavaliers and priests carried the trunk to a boat, and rowing out to midstream, and recommending the soul of their

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leader to God, they dropped his body overboard—saw it sink to the bottom of the Mississippi—the mighty bed for the mighty sleep.

GRACE KING.

wreak, to carry out in vengeance or passion.
fes-tiv'i-ty, feasting.
felled, cut down.
fath'om, a depth of six feet of water.
sus-pi'cious, imagining without proof.

GRACE KING was born in New Orleans in 1852. She has written a number of books as well as many short stories for the magazines. "De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida" is the name of one of her books on historical themes. "New Orleans, the Place and the People," and "Balcony Stories" are among her most interesting books. "The Burial of De Soto" is here given with the consent of the Macmillan Company.

1. De Soto was buried in the Mississippi River. He had discovered the Mississippi River.

De Soto was buried in the Mississippi River, which he had discovered.

2. De Soto discovered the Mississippi River. He died in 1542.

De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi River, died in 1542.

3. The driver carries a stick. The stick is four feet in length and two inches in thickness. The stick is armed at one end with a long iron spike.

The driver carries a stick, which is four feet in length and two inches in thickness, and which is armed at one end with a long iron spike.

Combine: 1. He darted through a window. The window was open.

2. The good child dreams of trees. The trees bear delicious fruit.

3. The otter's name was Mons. He improved greatly.

The sentences that you have made are called ***complex*** sentences.

A complex sentence consists of two or more parts called clauses. The most important of these clauses is called the ***independent*** clause; the other or others are the ***dependent*** clauses.

Draw lines under the independent clauses in your sentences.

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THE MAGNET

In days of old there was a shepherd whose name was Magnes. One of Magnes' sheep went astray, and he went to the mountains to search for it.

He reached a spot where there were only bare rocks. As he

walked over the rocks, he began to be conscious that his boots were adhering to them. He felt them with his hand. The rocks were dry, and did not stick to his hands. He started to walk on; still his boots stuck fast.

He sat down, took off one of his boots, and holding it in his

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hands, began to touch the rocks with it. When he touched them with the leather on the sole, it did not adhere; but when he touched them with the nails, then they adhered.

Magnes had a crook with an iron point. He touched the stones with the wood; it did not adhere. But when he touched them with the iron, it clung so powerfully that he had to pull it away by main force.

Magnes examined the stone, saw that it was like iron, and carried some pieces home with him. From that time they understood this stone, and called it touchstone, or magnet.

Magnets are found in the ground in the form of iron ore. The best iron is obtained from such ore.

If a piece of iron is put on the magnetic ore, the iron also begins to attract other pieces of iron. And if a steel needle is placed on a magnet and kept there for some time, then the needle itself becomes a magnet and is able to attract iron to itself.

If a needle is magnetized by being left some time with a magnet, and is balanced on a point in such a way that it will move freely on the point, then no matter in which way the magnetic needle is turned, as soon as it is set free, it will come to rest with one end pointing to the south, the other pointing to the north. The north-seeking end is called the south pole and the south-seeking end, the north pole.

If two magnetized needles are laid side by side with their like poles adjoining, the ends will repel each other; but if laid together with unlike poles adjoining, the ends will attract each other. If a magnetic needle is broken in two, then again each half will attract at one end and repel at the other. And if it is broken again, the same thing will happen. No matter how

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many times it is broken, it will always be the same—like ends repelling, unlike ends attracting; just as though the magnet pushed with one end and pulled with the other. And however often you break it, one end will always push and the other pull.

Before the magnet was discovered men did not dare to sail very far out on the sea. Whenever they sailed out of sight of land, they could judge only by the sun and the stars where they were going. But if it was stormy, and the sun and stars were hidden, they had no way of telling where their course lay; so the vessel would often drift before the wind, and be dashed on the rocks and go to pieces.

Until the discovery of the magnet men did not sail on the ocean far from land; but after it was discovered, they made use of the magnetic needle balanced on the point so as to turn freely. By means of this needle they could tell in which direction they were sailing. With the magnetic needle they began to make long voyages far from land, and afterwards they discovered many new countries.

There is always on board ship a magnetic needle, called the compass. They have also a measuring line with knots at the stern of the ship. The line is so constructed that it unwinds and tells how fast the vessel is sailing.

Thus it is, that sailors can tell where they are at a given time, and whether they are far from land, and in which direction they are going.

LEON TOLSTOI.

a-stray', out of the right way.
ad-her'ing, sticking to.
mag'ne-tized, made to have the power to attract iron or steel.
con-struct'ed, made and adjusted.

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LEON TOLSTOI is a Russian novelist and reformer who was born in Tula, Russia, in 1828. After he had secured a University education he served in the army and took part in the storming of Sebastopol during the Crimean War. After the serfs of Russia were freed he lived on his estates, working with the peasants and trying to improve them. His leisure he employed in studying and writing. Some of his novels have been translated into several European languages and widely read in other countries besides Russia. In almost all of his books he tries to bring some needed reform to the attention of the reading world. Among his works are "War and Peace," "Sebastopol," "The Cossacks" (composed while he was in the army), "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth."

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL

"Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast,
The trumpeter, gadfly, has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you."

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back.
And there was the gnat and the dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.
And there came the moth, with his plumage of down,
And the hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;

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Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the mole.
And the snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up at the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high overhead and looked down from a tree.

Then out came the spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight-line.
From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along,
But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell.
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;

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But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with a light.

"Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

T. ROSCOE.

min'u-et, an old time dance.
ten'ants, dwellers.
em'met, a small insect like an ant.
dor'mouse", a small animal which lies torpid in winter.
re-pair', to betake one's self.
ell, length of the forearm.
vi'ands, foods.
haunch'es, hind legs.
di'ver'sions, sports.
dex-ter'i-ty, skill.

T. ROSCOE (1790–1871) was an English author and translator. He wrote poems and tales, and translated some books about literature and art into English. "A Tour in the Isle of Wight" is the name of one of his books. "The Butterfly's Ball" is a gay little poem that children are very fond of.

Separate the complex sentences into simple sentences:

1. The blind and black beetle, who carried the emmet on his back, came.
2. The hornet, who brought with him the wasp, his companion, came in jacket of yellow and brown.
3. On their table was laid a water-dock leaf, which made a table-cloth.
4. Their watchman, who was a glowworm, came out with a light.
5. The emmet, who is the friend of the beetle, came with him.

Find or make, and write out ten complex sentences whose dependent clauses are introduced by who, whose, whom, which, *or* that.

By what mark are dependent clauses generally set off?

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MUIRTOWN SEMINARY BOYS

It was Bulldog's way to promenade the empty schoolroom for ten minutes before the reassembling at two, and it was rare indeed that a boy should be late. When one afternoon there were only nineteen present and forty-three absent, he could only look at Dowbiggin, and when that exemplary youth explained that the school had gone up to the top of the Meadow to bathe, and suggested that they were still enjoying themselves, Bulldog was much lifted.

"Bathing is a healthy exercise, and excellent for the mind, but it's necessary to bring a glow to the skin afterwards, or there might be a chill," he said, as he searched out and felt a superior cane kept for the treatment of truants and other grievous offenders.

It was exactly 2:15 when the door opened and a procession of forty-two entered panting and breathless, headed by Duncan Robertson, who carried his head erect, with a light in his eye, and closed by Peter McGuffie, whose hair was like unto that of a drowned rat, and whose unconcealed desire was for obscurity.

"I've had charge of the departments of writing and mathematics in the Muirtown Seminary," began Bulldog, "for fifty-five years laist Martinmas, and near eighteen hundred laddies hae passed through my hands. Some o' them were gude and some were bad"—Mr. MacKinnon spoke with a judicial calm that was awful—"some were your grandfathers, some were your fathers; but such a set of impudent, brazen-faced little scoundrels— What have you got to say for yourselves, for it will be three weeks before I am over with you all?"

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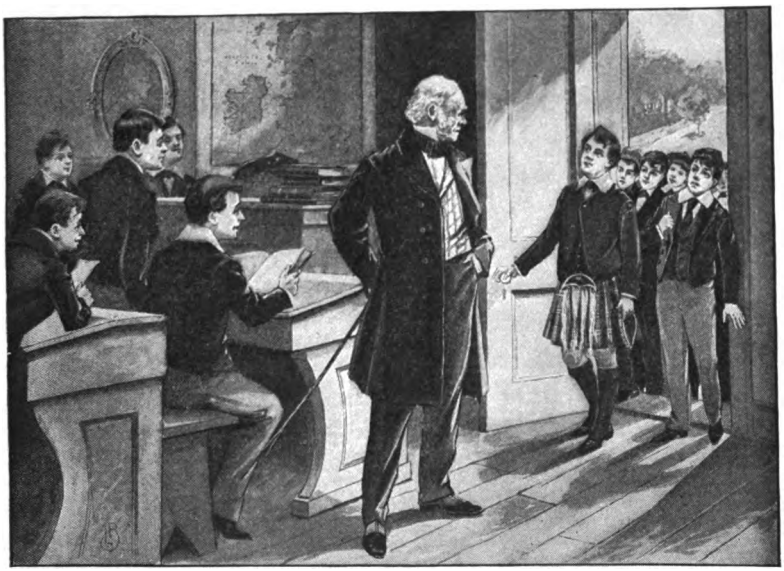
For a while no one moved, and then Duncan Robertson rose in his place and made speech for his fellows like a gentleman's son.

"We are sorry for being late, sir, but it was not our blame; we had been bathing in the golfers' pool, and were dressing to run down to school in good time. Little Nestie—I mean Er-



nest Molyneux, sir,—had stayed in a little longer, and some one cried, 'Nestie's drowning!' and there the little chap was, being carried away by the current."

"Is 'Nestie' drowned?" and they all noticed the break in Bulldog's voice, and remembered that if he showed indulgence to anyone, it was to the little English lad that had appeared in Muirtown life as one out of due place.

"No, sir, Nestie's safe, and some women have taken him home; but he was very nearly gone," and Dunc was plainly

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shaken. "It would have been terrible to see him die before our eyes."

"Who saved Nestie?" Bulldog's face was white, and Jock declared afterwards that there were tears in his eyes.

"It was one of the boys, sir, and it was a gallant deed," answered Robertson; "but I can't give his name, because he made me promise not to tell."

The master looked around the school, and there was a flush on his cheek. "John Howieson," with a voice that knew no refusal, and Jock stood in his place. "Give me the laddie's name who saved Nestie."

"It was Speug [Sparrow], sir, and it was michty; but I wouldna hae telt had ye no asked, and it's no my blame," and Jock cast a deprecatory glance where Peter was striving to hide himself behind a slate.

"Peter McGuffie, come out this moment," and Peter, who had obeyed this order in other circumstances with an immovable countenance, now presented the face of one who had broken a till.

"Tell the story, Duncan Robertson, every word of it, that each laddie in this room may remember it as lang as he lives."

"We had nearly all dressed, and some of us had started for school, . . . and when I got back McGuffie had jumped and was out in the current waiting for Nestie to come up. We saw his face at last, white on the water, and shouted to Peter, and . . . he had him in a minute, and . . . made for shore; big swimming, sir; not one of us could have done it except himself. A salmon-fisher showed us how to rub Nestie till he came round, and . . . he smiled to us, and said, 'I'm all right; sorry to trouble you chaps.' Then we ran as hard as we could, and . . . that's all, sir."

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"No, it isn't, Duncan Robertson," suddenly broke out Speug, goaded beyond endurance; "ye helped oot Nestie yourself, and you're . . . as muckle tae blame as I am."

"All I did, sir,"—and Robertson's face was burning red,—"was to meet Peter and take Nestie off his hands quite near the bank; he had the danger; I . . . did nothing—was too late, in fact, to be of use."

Speug might have contested this barefaced attempt at exculpation, but Bulldog was himself again and gripped the reins of authority.

"Silence!" and his emotion found vent in thunder; "no arguing in my presence. You're an impudent fellow, Peter McGuffie, and have been all your days, the most troublesome, mischievous, upsetting laddie in Muirtown School," and the culprit's whole mien was that of a dog with a bad conscience. "And now you must needs put the capper on the concern with this business!

"There's no use denying it, Peter, for the evidence is plain" —and now Bulldog began to speak with great deliberation. "You saw a little laddie out of his depth and likely to be drowned." (Peter dared not lift his head; it was going to be a bad case.)

"You micht have given the alarm and got the salmon-fisher, but, instead of acting like ony quiet, decent, well-brought-up laddie, and walking down to the school in time for geometry" (the school believed that the master's eye rested on William Dowbiggin), "you jumped clothes and all into the Tay." (There was evidently no extenuating feature, and Peter's expression was helpless.)

"Nor was that all. But the wicked speerit that's in you, Peter McGuffie, made you swim out where the river was run-

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ning strongest and an able-bodied man wouldna care to go. And what for did you forget yourself and risk your life?" But there was no bravery left in Peter to answer.

"Just to save an orphan laddie frae a watery death. And you did it, Peter; and it . . . beats anything else you've done since you came into Muirtown Seminary. As for you, Duncan Robertson, you may say what you like, but it's my opinion that you're no one grain better.

"Peter got in first, for he's a perfect genius for mischief—he's aye on the spot—but you were after him as soon as you could—you're art and part, baith o' you, in the exploit." It was clear now that Dunc was in the same condemnation and would share the same reward; whereat Peter's heart was lifted, for Robertson's treachery cried for judgment.

"Boys of Muirtown, do you see those tablets?"—and Bulldog pointed to the lists in gold of the former pupils who had distinguished themselves over the world—prizemen, soldiers, travelers, writers, preachers, lawyers, doctors. "It's a grand roll, and an honor to have a place in it, and there are two new names to be added.

"Laddies"—and Bulldog came down from his desk and stood opposite the culprits, whose one wish was that the floor might open beneath them and swallow them up—"you are the sons of men, and I know that you had the beginnings of men in you. I am proud . . . to shake hands with you, and to be . . . your master. Be off this instant, run like mad to your homes and change your clothes, and be back inside half an hour, or it will be the worse for you! And, look you here, I would like to know . . . how Nestie is."

His walk through the room was always full of majesty, but on that day it passed imagination, and from time to time he could

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be heard in a soliloquy, "A pair of young rascals! Men of their hands, though, men of their hands! Their fathers' sons! Well done, Peter!" To which the benches listened with awe, for never had they known Bulldog after this fashion.

When the school assembled on the next Monday morning the boys read in fresh, shining letters—

"*Peter McGuffie,* and *Duncan R. S. Robertson,* who at the risk of their own lives saved a schoolfellow from drowning."

JOHN WATSON.

prom″e-nade′, to walk about.
ex′em-pla-ry, of correct habits.
ob-scur′i-ty, state of being unseen.
ju-di′cial, pertaining to a judge.
un″con-cealed′, shown openly.
dep′re-ca-to-ry, beseeching.
goad′ed, urged on.
con-test′ed, striven for.
ex″cul-pa′tion, a freeing from blame.
ex-ten′u-a″ting, serving as an excuse.
con″dem-na′tion, blame; censure.
treach′er-y, bad faith.
cul′prit, one guilty of an offense.
so-lil′o-quy, speech made to one's self.
in-dul′gence, a yielding to one's wishes.

IAN MACLAREN (1849–) is the pen-name of the Rev. John Watson, a Scottish clergyman and novelist. He was born in England, but is pure Scotch for all that. His education was received at Edinburgh, where also he studied for the ministry. He is now the minister of a Presbyterian church in Liverpool. "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" is his most famous book. In it he tells stories of mixed humor and pathos about life in a rural district of Scotland. He calls the district Drumtochty. Since the book has become so famous, Perthshire, where Mr. Watson had his first charge as a minister, has come to be called Drumtochty. "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is also popular. The story of Muirtown Seminary Boys is from "Young Barbarians," one of Mr. Watson's books that young readers will enjoy.

Write a real or an imaginary story telling how some one's life was saved.

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CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  The flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

vo'tive, given by vow. | **re-deem'**, atone for.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–82), was born in Boston, and was educated at Harvard College. He taught school, and later became a minister, but he is better known as a writer than as a preacher. His works, which have had a great influence on the literature of America, consist largely of essays and poems. "Concord Hymn" was sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.

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PLAYING THEATER AT RIVERMOUTH

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon.

"Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My eye saw at once its possibilities for a theater. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress), to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theater however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins. From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself,—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act the character himself. I would not let him, so

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he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a cross-bow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him.

We had reached that exciting scene where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper part of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised my cross-bow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience, —consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way with a clothes-pin. I raised the bow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

I shall never be able to banish that moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an order against all theatricals hereafter, and the place was closed; not, however,

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without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life, if I had not hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth.

Thereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small whirlpool could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

This was my last appearance on the stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys, who had not been allowed to buy tickets to my theater, used to cry after me in the street,—

"Who killed Cock Robin?
'I' said the sparrer,
'With my bow and arrer,
I killed Cock Robin.'"

The sarcasm of this verse was more than I could stand. And it made Pepper Whitcomb pretty angry to be called Cock Robin, I can tell you!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

con'clave, a private meeting.
coun'ter-feit, not true or genuine.
in-va'ri-a-bly, always.
dra-mat'ic, relating to a play or drama.
ex-clu'sive, not taking account of.
ex-e-cu'tion, a putting to death, as a penalty.
spec-ta'tors, those who look on.
at-trib'u-ted, assigned as a cause.
ma-li'cious, with evil intention.
sar'casm, cutting wit.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is an American poet and novelist. He was born in New Hampshire in 1836. From 1881 to 1890 he was the

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editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His writings include novels, poetry and essays. Some of his books have a strain of humor in them that is very likable. He knows, too, how to give his readers interesting surprises. If you would like to prove this assertion, read his little novel, "Marjorie Daw." "The Queen of Sheba" is another of his novels. Some of his poems are widely known and greatly liked by young readers. "Playing Theatre at Monmouth" is taken from the "Story of a Bad Boy."

HELENA OF BRITAIN

I

This little girl of fourteen, Helena, was a princess. Her father was Coel, second prince of Britain and king of that part of ancient England which includes the present shires of Essex and Suffolk, about the river Colne.

Not a very large kingdom this, but even as small as it was, King Coel did not hold it in undisputed sway. For he was one of the tributary princes of Britain, in the days when Roman arms, and Roman law, and Roman dress, and Roman manners, had place and power throughout England, from the Isle of Wight, to the Northern highlands, behind whose forest-crowned hills those savage natives known as the Picts—"the tattooed folk," held possession of ancient Scotland, and defied the eagles of Rome.

It was, indeed, a curious state of affairs in England. It is doubtful whether many girls and boys, no matter how well they stand in their history classes, have ever thought of the England of Hereward and Ivanhoe, of Paul Dombey and Tom Brown, as a Roman land.

And yet at the time of this little princess, the island of Britain, in at least its southern part, was almost as Roman in

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manner, custom, and speech as was Rome itself. For nearly five hundred years, from the days of Cæsar the conqueror, to those of Honorius the Unfortunate, was England, or Britain as it was called, a Roman province. At this date, the year 255 A.D., the beautiful island had so far grown out of the barbarisms of ancient Britain as to have long since forgotten the gloomy rites and open-air altars of the Druids, and all the half-savage surroundings of those stern old priests.

Throughout the land, south of the massive wall which the great Emperor Hadrian had stretched across the island from the mouth of the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne, the people themselves had gathered into or about the thirty growing Roman cities, founded and beautified by the conquerors. The educational influence of Rome, always following the course of her conquering eagles, had planted schools and colleges throughout the land.

As Helena was the only daughter of King Coel, he had given her the finest education that Rome could offer. She was, so we are told, a fine musician, a marvelous worker in tapestry, in hammered brass and pottery, and was altogether as wise and wonderful a young person as even these later centuries can show.

But for all this grand education, she loved to hear the legends and stories of her people which in various ways would come to her ears, either as the simple tales of her British nurse, or in the wild songs of the wandering bards, or singers.

As she listened to these, she thought less of the crude and barbaric ways of her ancestors than of their national independence and freedom from the galling yoke of Rome. As was natural, she cherished the memory of Boadicea, the warrior queen, and made a hero of the fiery young Caractacus.

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HELENA OF BRITAIN

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Now, "old King Cole," as Mother Goose tells us—for young Helena's father was none other than the veritable "old King Cole" of our nursery jingle—was a "jolly old soul," and a jolly old soul is rarely an independent or ambitious one. So long as he could have "his pipe and his bowl"—not, of course, his long pipe of tobacco that all the Mother Goose artists give him, but the reed pipe upon which his musicians played—so long, in other words, as he could live in ease and comfort, undisturbed by his Roman overlords, he cared for no change. Rome took the responsibility, and he took things easily.

But there came a change, and one day King Coel received dispatches from Rome demanding a special and unexpected tax levy, or tribute, to meet the expense of the new Emperor Diocletian. Other things had happened to increase his ill temper, and his "jolly old soul" was vexed by numerous crosses that day. The words of Helena and her cousin, the admiral, carried the day with Coel, and the standard of revolt was raised.

The young admiral hastened back to France, whence he did not return, while the king, spurred on to action by the patriotic Helena, gathered a hasty following, and won over to his cause the British-filled legion in his palace-town. Then, descending upon the nearest Roman camps and stations, he surprised, captured, scattered, or brought over their soldiers, and proclaimed himself free from the yoke of Rome and supreme prince of Britain.

an'cient, old.
trib'u-ta-ry, subject to another.
tat-tooed', having pictures pricked into the skin with a needle dipped in ink.
mas'sive, very large and solid.
tap'es-try, cloth with figures woven in.
an'ces-tors, forefathers.
ver'i-ta-ble, real; genuine.
bar'ba-risms, rude customs.

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HELENA OF BRITAIN

II

King Coel, after his first successes, knew that unaided he could not hope to withstand the Roman force that must finally be brought against him. Though urged to constant action by his wise young daughter, he preferred to do nothing. Satisfied with the acknowledgment of his power in and about his little kingdom on the Colne, he spent his time in his palace with the musicians that he loved so well and the big bowl that he also loved.

The musicians—the pipers and the harpers—sang his praises, and told of his mighty deeds. No doubt, their refrain was very much the same as the one in the jingle of Mother Goose:

> "Oh, none so rare as can compare
> With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

But if the pleasure-loving old king was listless, young Helena was not. So, while she advised with her father's boldest captains, and strengthened so wisely the walls of ancient Colchester, or Camalodunum, that traces of her work still remain as proof of her untiring zeal, she still cherished the hope of British freedom and release from Rome.

The legions came to Camalodunum. Across Gaul and over the choppy channel they came. Up through the mouth of the Thames they sailed, and landing at Londinium, marched in close array along the broad Roman road that led straight up to the gates of Camalodunum.

The Roman trumpets sounded before the gate of the belea-

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guered city, and the herald of the prefect, standing out from his circle of guards, cried the summons to surrender.

"Coel of Britain, traitor to the Roman people and to thy lord the Emperor, hear thou! In the name of the Senate and People of Rome, I, Constantius the prefect, charge thee to deliver up to them, this, their City of Camalodunum, and thine own rebel body as well. This done, they will in mercy pardon the crime of treason to the city, and will work their will and punishment only upon thee—the chief rebel. And if this be not done within the appointed time, then will the walls of this, their town of Camalodunum be overthrown, and thou and all thy people be given the certain death of traitors."

King Coel heard the summons, and some spark of that patriotism which inspired and incited his valiant little daughter flamed in his heart.

"I can at least die with my people," he said.

But young Helena interposed. "As I have been the cause, so let me be the end of trouble, my father," she said. "Say to the prefect that in three hours' time the British envoy will come to his camp with the king's answer."

Then Helena herself went as envoy to the prefect. "What wouldst thou with me, maiden?" said he.

"I am the daughter of Coel of Britain," said the girl, "and am come to sue for pardon and for peace."

"The Roman people have no quarrel with the girls of Britain," said the prefect. "Has King Coel fallen so low in state that a maiden must plead for him?"

"He has not fallen at all, O Prefect," replied the girl; "the king, my father, would withstand thy force but that I know the cause of this unequal strife, and seek to make terms with the victors."

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Constantius Chlorus was a humane and gentle man, fierce enough in fight, but seeking never needlessly to wound an enemy or lose a friend. "What are thy terms?" he demanded.

"If but thou wilt remove thy cohorts to Londinium," replied Helena, "I pledge my father's faith and mine, that he will within five days, deliver to thee as hostage for his fealty, myself and twenty children of his councilors and captains. And I bind myself to deliver to thee the chief rebel in this revolt, the one to whose counseling this strife with Rome is due."

The offered terms pleased the prefect, and he said, "Be it so."

The girl returned to her father. Again the old king rebelled at the terms his daughter had made. "I have pledged my word and thine, O King," said Helena. "Surely a Briton's pledge should be as binding as a Roman's." So she carried her point, and she with twenty of the boys and girls of Camalodunum went as hostages to the Roman camp in London.

"Here are thy hostages, Princess," said the prefect as he received the children; "but remember the rest of thy compact. Deliver to me now the chief rebel against Rome."

"She is here, O Prefect," said Helena, "I am that rebel—Helena of Britain!"

The prefect's face changed to sudden sternness. "Trifle not with Roman justice, girl," he said; "I demand the keeping of thy word."

"It is kept," replied the princess. "Helena of Britain is the cause of this revolt against Rome. If it be rebellion for a free prince to claim his own, if it be rebellion for a prince to withstand for the sake of his people the unjust demands of the conqueror, if it be rebellion for one who loves her father to urge that father to valiant deeds in defence of the liberties of the

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land over which he rules as king, then am I a rebel, for I have done all these, and only because of my words did the king, my father, take up arms against the might and power of Rome. I am the chief rebel."

Now the prefect saw that the girl spoke the truth, and that she had indeed kept her pledge.

"Thy father and his city are pardoned," he announced after a few moments. "Remain thou here, thou and thy companions, as hostages for Britain until such time as I shall determine upon the punishment due to one who is so fierce a rebel against the power of Rome."

So the siege of Camalodunum was raised, and the bloodless rebellion ended. Constantius the prefect took up his residence for awhile within King Coel's city. Then at last he returned to his command in Gaul and Spain, well pleased with the spirit of the little girl whom, so he claimed, he still held in his power as the prisoner of Rome.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

chop'py, rough with waves.
be-leag'ured, surrounded by foes.
trai'tors, those who betray.
pa'tri-o-tism, love of country.
in-ter-posed', came between.
co'hort, a division of the Roman army.
pre'fect, a Roman officer.
hos'ta-ges, persons given to secure good conduct from their friends.
com'pact, an agreement.
fe'al-ty, fidelity to an overlord.
Dru'ids, an order of priests.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS (1846–1902) was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. When he was thirteen years old, his parents removed to New York City, where the boy was educated in the Free Academy. He was fond of literature and history, and early became a writer. Most of his books are very interesting to young people. Among them are "Historic Boys," "Historic Girls," in which this story of "Helena" is found, and "The Century Book for Young Americans." The selection is used by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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AMONG THE PEARLS

I

"Here we are, M. Arronax," said Captain Nemo. "You see that inclosed bay? Here, in a month, will be assembled the numerous fishing-boats of exporters, and these are the waters their divers will ransack so boldly.

JULES VERNE

"Happily, this bay is well situated for that kind of fishing. It is sheltered from the strongest winds; the sea is never rough here,—a condition that makes it favorable for the divers' work. We will now put on our dresses, and begin our walk."

Soon we were enveloped to the throat in india-rubber clothing; the air apparatus was fixed to our backs by braces. One last question remained to ask Captain Nemo.

"And our arms?" asked I; "our guns?"

"Guns! what for? Do not mountaineers attack the bear with a dagger, and is it not surer than lead? Here is a strong blade; put it in your belt, and we start."

I looked at my companions; they were armed like us, and, more than that, Ned Land was brandishing an enormous harpoon, which he had placed on the boat before leaving the *Nautilus*.

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Then, following the captain's example, I allowed myself to be dressed in the heavy copper helmet, and our reservoirs of air were at once in activity. An instant after, we were landed, one after the other, in about two feet of water upon an even sand. Captain Nemo made a sign with his hand, and we followed him by a gentle declivity, till we disappeared under the waves.

Over our feet, like coveys of snipe in a bag, rose shoals of fish, of a genus that have no other fins but their tail. I recognized the Javanese, a real serpent, two and a half feet long, of a livid color underneath, which might easily be mistaken for a conger eel, if it were not for the golden stripes on its sides.

The heightening sun lit the mass of waters more and more. The soil changed by degrees. To the fine sand succeeded a perfect causeway of boulders, covered with a carpet of small plant-like animals. About seven o'clock we found ourselves at last surveying the oyster-banks, on which the pearl-oysters are produced by millions.

In a moment there opened before us a large grotto dug in a picturesque heap of rocks and carpeted with all the thick warp of the submarine flora. After descending a rather sharp declivity, our feet trod the bottom of a kind of circular pit.

There Captain Nemo stopped, and with his hand indicated an object that I had not yet perceived. It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a giant of its kind. I approached this wonderful mollusk, which adhered to a table of granite, and there isolated, developed itself in the calm waters of the grotto.

Captain Nemo was evidently acquainted with the existence of this bivalve. He seemed also to have a particular reason for making sure of its condition.

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The shells were a little open. The captain came near and put his dagger between to prevent them from closing. Then with his hand he raised the membrane with its fringed edges, which formed a cloak for the creature.

There, between the folded plaits, I saw a loose pearl, whose size equaled that of a cocoanut. Its globular shape, perfect clearness, and admirable luster made it altogether a jewel of highest value.

Carried away by my curiosity, I stretched out my hand to seize it, weigh it, and touch it; but the captain stopped me, made a sign of refusal, and quickly withdrew his dagger. The two shells closed suddenly.

I then understood Captain Nemo's intention. In leaving this pearl hidden in the mantle of the bivalve, he was allowing it to grow slowly. Each year the secretions of the mollusk would add new concentric layers. I estimated its value at five hundred thousand pounds at least.

After ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. I thought that he had halted with a view to returning. No; by a gesture he bade us crouch beside him in a deep fissure of the rock, and his hand pointed to one part of the liquid mass, which I watched attentively.

About five yards from me a shadow appeared, and sank to the ground. The disquieting idea of sharks shot through my mind, but I was mistaken; and once again it was not a monster of the ocean that we had anything to do with.

It was a man, a living man, an Indian, a fisherman, who, I suppose, had come to glean before the harvest. I could see the bottom of his canoe anchored some feet above his head. He dived and went up successively.

A stone cut in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and held between

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his feet, while a rope fastened him to the boat, helped him to descend more rapidly. This was all his apparatus.

Reaching the bottom, about five yards deep, he dropped on his knees and filled his bag with oysters picked up at random. Then he went up, emptied it, pulled up his stone, and once more began the operation, which lasted thirty seconds.

The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from sight. And how should this poor Indian ever dream that men, beings like himself, should be there under the water, watching his movements, and losing no detail of the fishing?

Several times he went up in this way, and dived again. He did not carry away more than ten oysters at each plunge, for he was obliged to pull them from the bank to which they adhered. And how many of those, for which he risked his life, had no pearl in them! I watched him closely, and for half an hour no danger appeared to threaten him.

ex-port'ers, those who send things abroad.
con-cen'tric, having the same center.
res'er-voirs", storage places for water.
de-cliv'i-ty, a sharp descent.
mol'lusk, a shellfish.
grot'to, a cavern.
sub"ma-rine', beneath the **sea.**
flo'ra, plants, collectively.

AMONG THE PEARLS

II

I was beginning to accustom myself to the sight of this interesting fishing, when suddenly, as the Indian was on the ground, I saw him make a gesture of terror, rise, and make a spring to return to the surface of the sea. I understood his

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dread. A gigantic shadow appeared just above the unfortunate diver. It was a shark of enormous size advancing diagonally, his eyes on fire, and his jaws open. I was mute with horror, and unable to move.

The voracious creature shot toward the Indian, who threw himself on one side, in order to avoid the shark's fins; but not its tail, for that struck his chest, and stretched him on the ground.

This scene lasted but a few seconds. The shark returned, and turning on his back, prepared himself for cutting the Indian in two. Then I saw Captain Nemo rise suddenly, and, dagger in hand, walk straight to the monster, ready to fight face to face with him. The very moment the shark was going to snap the unhappy fisherman in two, he perceived his new adversary, and turning over, made straight toward him.

I can still see Captain Nemo's position. Holding himself well together, he waited for the shark with admirable coolness. When it rushed at him, he threw himself quickly to one side, avoiding the shock, and buried his dagger deep in its side.

But it was not all over. A terrible combat ensued. The shark seemed to roar, if I may say so. The blood rushed in torrents from its wound. The sea was dyed red.

Through the opaque liquid I could distinguish nothing more, until the moment when, like lightning, the undaunted captain was hanging to one of the creature's fins, struggling, as it were, hand to hand with the monster. Blow upon blow the man dealt his enemy, yet was still unable to give a decisive one.

The shark's struggles agitated the water with such fury that the rocking threatened to upset me. I wanted to go to the captain's assistance, but nailed to the spot with horror, I could not stir.

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I saw the haggard eye; I saw the different phases of the fight. The captain fell to the earth upset by the enormous mass that leant upon him. The shark's jaws opened wide, like a pair of factory shears, and it would have been all over with the captain, but quick as thought, harpoon in hand, Ned Land rushed toward the shark and struck it with the sharp point.

The waves were colored with blood. They rocked under the shark's movements, which beat them with fury. Ned Land had not missed his aim. It was the monster's death-rattle. Struck to the heart, it struggled in dreadful convulsions.

Ned, however, had disentangled the captain, who, getting up without any wound, went straight to the Indian. Quickly he cut the cord that held the poor fellow to his stone, took him in his arms, and with a sharp blow of his heel, mounted to the surface.

We all three followed in a few seconds, saved as by a miracle, and reached the fisherman's boat. Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the man to life. I did not think he could succeed. The blow from the shark's tail might have been his death-blow.

Happily, with the captain's and Conseil's sharp friction, consciousness returned by degrees. He opened his eyes. What was his surprise, his terror even, at seeing four great copper heads leaning over him! Above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo drew from the pocket of his dress a bag of pearls, and placed it in his hand?

This unexpected charity from the man of the waters to the poor pearl fisher was accepted with a trembling hand. His wondering eyes showed that he knew not to what superior beings he owed both fortune and life.

At a sign from the captain we regained the bank, and fol-

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lowing the road already traveled, came in about half an hour to the anchor that held the canoe of the *Nautilus* to the earth. Once on board, we got rid of the heavy copper helmets. Captain Nemo's first word was to the Canadian.

"Thank you, Master Land," said he.

"It was in revenge, captain," replied Ned Land. "I owed you that."

A smile passed across the captain's lips, and that was all. "To the *Nautilus*," said he.

The boat flew over the waves. Some minutes later, we met the shark's dead body floating. It was more than twenty-five feet long: its enormous mouth occupied one-third of its body.

Whilst I was contemplating this inert mass, a dozen of these voracious beasts appeared round the boat; and without noticing us, they threw themselves upon the dead body, and fought with one another for the pieces.

At half past eight we were again on board the *Nautilus*. There I reflected on the incident that had taken place in our excursion to the Manaar Bank on the coast of Ceylon.

JULES VERNE.

o-paque', not to be seen through.
ag'i-ta"ted, moved; disturbed.
fric'tion, the act of rubbing the body to produce heat.
ad'ver-sa-ry, one opposed to another.
vo-ra'cious, fierce and greedy.
in'ci-dent, an unexpected occurrence.

JULES VERNE (1828–1905) was a French novelist who was born at Nantes in 1828. After attending the schools at Nantes he went to Paris and studied law. He was not so much interested in law, however, as he was in literature, and by and by he began writing novels. They have been translated into several languages, and are especially popular among

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young people. "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," "A Trip to the Moon," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Round the World in Eighty Days" are among his best.

THE CORAL GROVE

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the waves and winds are absent there;
And the sands are as bright as the sands that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

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And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

cor'al, limestone taken from sea water by the coral polyp.
mul'let, a kind of fish.
flint'y, hard like flint.
dulse, a sea weed.
tufts, waving or bending clusters, as of flowers.
murk'y, dark; gloomy.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL (1795–1856), an American poet, was born in Connecticut. He was graduated at Yale and afterward studied medicine. At one time he was a member of the West Point faculty. His poems are published in book form under the title "The Dream of a Day, and Other Poems."

Write in prose the thoughts of this poem. Change sentences and words.

In the bottom of the ocean there is a grove of coral. The purple mullet and goldfish swim about among the branches. A sea-flower, which grows there, has blue leaves, and looks very bright and beautiful in the deep water.

Write a short paper telling where and how sponges are obtained.

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THE CADI'S DECISIONS

I

Bou-Akas, an Arab sheik, had heard that the cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in a manner worthy of King Solomon himself, and so determined to test the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private person, and mounted on a docile Arabian steed, he set out for the cadi's town. He was just entering the gate when a cripple seized the border of his garment and asked him for alms. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still held the garment fast.

"What do you want?" asked the sheik. "I have already given you alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says not only, 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well: and what can I do for you?"

"You can save me from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, a fate that would certainly befall me in passing through the crowded square where the fair is now going on."

"And how can I save you?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas; and stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him.

The strangely-assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets, and at length they reached the market-place.

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"Is this where you wished to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are in the town of the just cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor?"

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two,—you with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh, as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

"So," thought the sheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content; we will go before the cadi."

When they reached the tribunal, they found that they must wait, as two trials were ahead of theirs. The first of these trials was between a learned man and a peasant. The disputed point was one in reference to the philosopher's wife, who the peasant asserted was his own. The woman remained perfectly silent, not declaring the slightest word in favor of either. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

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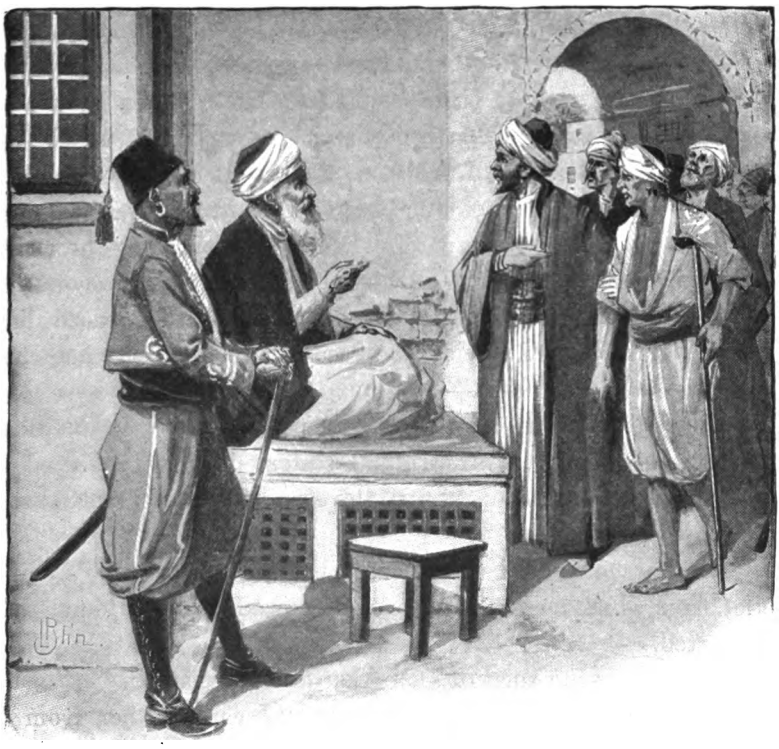
The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between



BEFORE THE CADI

a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil. The butcher spoke first:—

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the

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wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go. Here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

Then the oil merchant spoke:—

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket and drew out a handful of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money. So I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

The cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins on the edge of the cadi's mantle, after which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country with the intention of visiting this city. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented; but when we reached the market-place he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who needed it most. That, my lord cadi, is precisely the state of the case."

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"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the road-side, apparently half dead with fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, for which he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his! I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case."

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and the cripple and Bou-Akas withdrew in different directions.

sheik, the chief of an Arab tribe.
doc'ile, easily taught.
in-fal'li-ble, not capable of failing.
tri-bu'nal, a court.
as-sert'ed, declared strongly.
crup'per, the parts of a horse back of the saddle.
dep"o-si'tion, a sworn statement.
peas'ant, a countryman.
phi-los'o-pher, a wise man.

THE CADI'S DECISIONS

II

On the morrow a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The learned man and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the former, "and keep her."

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Then turning toward an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the philosopher took away his wife.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "is thy money. It is truly thine, and not his." Then turning to the oil merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" asked the judge of Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

"'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither."

The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered the message, and the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick perception, and having observed accurately, was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

"'Tis well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, justice was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the cadi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the officer, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

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When the cadi had finished the business of the day, and was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik, "but I want to know by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not the other two cases were rendered as equitably as mine. I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to learn the reasons that determined thy three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, could be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my ink-stand.' Like a person that had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put the cotton in again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dispatch. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about ink-stands. She must belong to the philosopher.'"

"Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head, "and the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly, I did."

"I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this

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money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be correct.' "

Bou-Akas again nodded approval. "Good!" said he, "and my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you truly were his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said:

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou shouldst be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear that I could not fill thy place as cadi."

ARABIAN TALE.

dis-guised', dressed to avoid being known.
dis-tort'ed, out of proper shape.
per-cep'tion, the act of the mind in getting ideas.
in-spi-ra'tion, knowledge from a higher power.
eq'ui-ta-bly, justly.
par'ti-cle, a small part.
ac-knowl'edge, to own or to recognize.

Write a story giving the case of the sheik and the cripple.

1. Their meeting and the dispute.
2. The hearing before the cadi.
3. The cadi's plan and the result.

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LONGFELLOW

When my acquaintance with Longfellow began, he had written the things that made his fame, and that it will probably rest upon: "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Courtship of Miles Standish" were by that time old stories. But during the eighteen years that I knew him he produced the best of his minor poems, the greatest of his sonnets, the sweetest of his lyrics.

He rarely read anything of his own aloud, but in three or four cases he read to me poems that he had just finished, as if to give himself the pleasure of hearing them with the sympathetic sense of another. "Elizabeth," in the third part of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," was one of these, and he liked my liking its form, which I believed one of the best adapted to the English subject, and which he had used himself with so much pleasure and success.

Longfellow so rarely spoke of himself in any way, that one heard from him few of those experiences of the distinguished man in contact with the undistinguished, which he must have had so abundantly. But he told, while it was fresh in his mind, an incident that happened to him one day in Boston at a tobacconist's, where a certain brand of cigars was recommended to him as the kind that Longfellow smoked.

"Ah, then I must have some of them; and I will ask you to send me a box," said Longfellow, and he wrote down his name and address. The cigar-dealer read it with the smile of a worsted champion, and said, "Well I guess you had me, that time." At a funeral, a mourner wished to open conversation, and by way of suggesting a theme of common interest, began, "You've buried, I believe?"

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Sometimes people were shown by the poet through Craigie House, who had no knowledge of it except that it had been Washington's Headquarters. Of course Longfellow was known by sight to every one in Cambridge. He was daily in the streets, while his health endured, and as he kept no carriage, he was often to be met in the horse-cars, which were such common ground in Cambridge that they were often like small invited parties of friends when they left Harvard Square.

CRAIGIE HOUSE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME

I fancy that he was somewhat shy of his fellow-men, as the scholar seems to be, from the retired habit of his life; but I think Longfellow was incapable of marking any difference between himself and them. I never heard from him anything that was patronizing, when he spoke of people, and in Cambridge, where there was a great deal of contempt for the less lettered, and we liked to smile though we did not like to sneer, Longfellow and Longfellow's house were free from all

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that. Whatever his feelings may have been toward other sorts and conditions of men, his manner was one of entire democracy.

Once your friend, Longfellow was always your friend; he would not think evil of you, and if he knew evil of you, he would be the last of all that knew it to judge you for it. This may have been from the habit of his mind, but I believe it was also the effect of principle, for he would do what he could to defend others from judgment, and would soften the sentence passed in his presence.

As for his goodness, I never saw a fault in him. I do not mean to say that he had no faults, or that there were no better men, but only to give my knowledge concerning him. But as a man shows himself to those often with him, and in his known relations with other men, he showed himself without blame.

In the years when I began to know him, his long hair and the beautiful beard mixed with it were of iron-gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait, as if now and again a buoyant thought lifted him from the ground.

It was fine to meet him coming down a Cambridge street; you felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you apart with him for the moment from the poor and mean. You could meet him sometimes at the market, if you were of the same provision-man as he; Longfellow remained as constant to his tradespeople as to any other friends.

He rather liked to bring his proofs back to the printer himself, and we often found ourselves together at the University Press, where the *Atlantic Monthly* used to be printed. But

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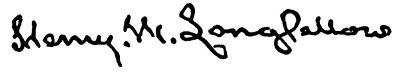
outside of his own house, Longfellow seemed to want a fit atmosphere, and I love best to think of him in his study, where he wrought out his lovely art with a serenity expressed in his smooth, regular, and perfect handwriting.

His writing was quite vertical, and rounded with a slope neither to the right nor left. At the time I knew him first, he was fond of using a soft pencil on printing paper, though commonly he wrote with a quill. Each letter was distinct in shape, and between the verses was always the exact space of half an inch. I have a good many of his poems written in this fashion,



but whether they were the first drafts or not I cannot say. Toward the last he no longer sent his poems to the magazines in his own hand, but they were always signed in autograph.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (*Abridged*).

son'nets, poems of fourteen lines each.
lyr'ics, poems that have a song-like quality.
hex-am'e-ter, a verse of six feet.
buoy'ant, cheerful.
se-ren'i-ty, clearness and calmness.
au'to-graph, a person's own signature or hand-writing.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

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His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

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He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

sin'ew-y, hard and muscular.
brawn'y, large and strong.
sledge, a large hammer.
sex'ton, one who takes care of a church.
bel'lows, a machine for blowing a fire.
forge, a place where a blacksmith's fire is built.
Par'a-dise, heaven.

Write about some kind of work that you have watched, done by a

Blacksmith
Carpenter
Mason
Farmer
Miller
Shoemaker
Saddler
Glass-worker
Machinist
Tinner.

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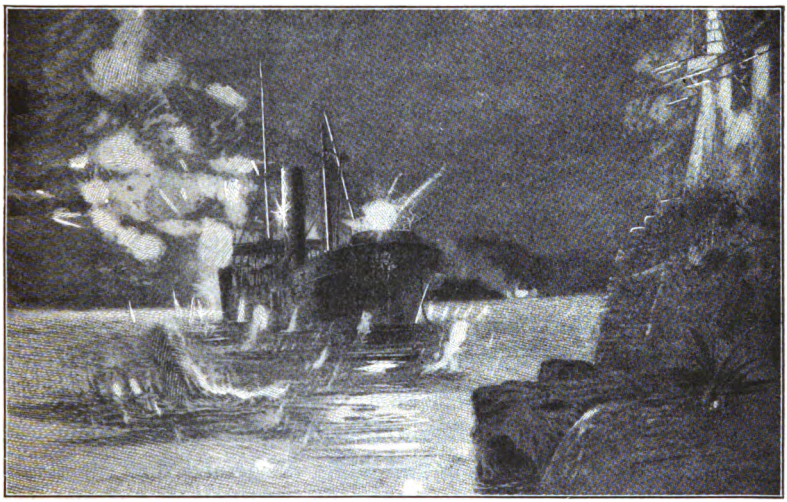
RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE "MERRIMAC"

A great rush of water came up the gangway, settling and gurgling out of the deck. The mass was whirling from right to left "against the sun;" it seized us and threw us against the bulwarks, then over the rail. Two were swept forward as



THE "MERRIMAC" UNDER FIRE

if by a momentary recession, and one was carried down into a coal-bunker. In a moment, however, with increased force, the water shot him up out of the same hole and swept him among us.

The bulwarks disappeared. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars. The life-preservers stood us in good stead, preventing chests from being crushed, as well as buoying us up on the surface. When we looked for the life-boat we found

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that it had been carried away. The catamaran was the largest piece of floating débris; we assembled about it.

The firing had ceased. It was evident that the enemy had not seen us in the general mass of moving objects; but soon the tide began to drift these away, and we were being left alone with the catamaran. The men were directed to cling close in, bodies below and only heads out, close under the edges.

We mustered; all were present, and direction was given to remain as we were till further orders, for I was sure that in due time after daylight a responsible officer would come out to reconnoiter. It was evident that we could not swim against the tide to reach the entrance. Moreover, the shores were lined with troops, and the small boats were looking for victims that might escape from the vessel.

The only chance lay in remaining undiscovered until the coming of the reconnoitering boat, to which, perhaps, we might surrender without being fired on. The moon was now low. The sunken *Merrimac* was bubbling up her last lingering breath. The boat's crew looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns. Again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong.

The air was chilly and the water positively cold. In less than five minutes our teeth were chattering; so loud, indeed, did they chatter, that it seemed the destroyer or the boats would hear. In spite of their efforts, two of the men soon began to cough, and it seemed that we should surely be discovered. I worked my legs and body under the raft for exercise, but in spite of all, the shivers would come and the teeth would chatter.

We remained there probably an hour. Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke, the birds began to twitter and

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chirp in the bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes. Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy.

About daybreak a beautiful strain went up from a bugle at Punta Gorda battery. It was pitched at a high key, and rose and lingered, long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it seemed as though an angel might be playing while looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle?

Broad daylight came. The destroyer got up anchor, and drew back again up the bight. We were still undiscovered. Then some one announced: "A steam-launch is heading for us, sir." I looked around, and found that a launch of large size, with the curtains aft drawn down, was coming from the bight around Smith Cay and heading straight for us. That must be the reconnoitering party.

It swerved a little to the left as if to pass around us, giving no signs of having seen us. No one was visible on board, everybody apparently being below the rail. When it was about thirty yards off I hailed. The launch stopped as if frightened, and backed furiously. A squad of riflemen filed out, and formed in a semicircle on the forecastle, and came to "load," "ready," "aim."

A murmur passed about among my men: "They are going to shoot us." A bitter thought flashed through my mind: "The miserable cowards! A brave nation will learn of this and call for an account." But the volley did not follow. The aim must have been merely for caution, and it was apparent that there must be an officer on board in control.

I called out in a strong voice to know if there was not an

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officer in the boat; if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war. The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down.

I struck out for the launch, and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterward, we learned was Admiral Cervera himself. With him were two other officers, his juniors. To him I surrendered myself and the men, taking off my revolver-belt, glasses, canteen, and life-preserver.

The officers looked astonished at first, perhaps at the singular uniforms and the begrimed condition of us all, due to the fine coal and oil that came to the surface. Then a current of kindness seemed to pass over them, and they exclaimed: "Valiente!" The launch then steamed up to the catamaran, and the men climbed on board, the two that had been coughing being in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted. We were prisoners in Spanish hands.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

bul'warks, the sides of a ship above the upper deck.
cat"a-ma-ran', a raft or float made of two or more pieces.
rec"on-noi'ter, to make observations as before an army.
ex-haus'tion, extreme weariness.
Mer'ri-mac, the name of a ship.
be-grimed', black and dirty.
trag'e-dy, a fatal event.
dé"bris', rubbish from ruins.
ap-par'ent-ly, seeming to be.
fore'cas"tle, the upper, forward deck of a war ship.
can-teen', a water bottle used by soldiers.
val'iente, bravely done.
dis'ci-pline, special training.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON was born in Alabama, and became famous during our war with Spain in 1898. He sank the collier *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor so as to block the channel and pen the Spanish ships

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inside the Harbor. He was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and kept in a Cuban fortress for about six weeks, but was released after the Americans had defeated the Spanish. He has written the full story of the sinking of the collier, and it is from this book that "The Rescue of the Crew of the Merrimac" is taken. He has also written several books on subjects connected with his profession. The sketch here given is printed by courtesy of the Century Company.

"MUS' RATTIN'"

One November afternoon I found Uncle Jethro back of the woodshed, drawing a chalk-mark along the barrel of his old musket, from the hammer to the sight.

"What are you doing that for, Uncle Jeth?" I asked.

"What fo'? Fo' mus'rats, boy."

"Muskrats! Do you think that they'll walk up and toe that mark, while you knock them over with a stick?"

"G'way fum yhere! What I take yo' possumin' des dozen winters fo' en yo' dunno how to sight a gun in de moon yit? I's gwine mus'rattin' by de moon to-night, en I won't take yo' nohow."

Of course he took me. We went out about nine o'clock. Entering the zigzag lane behind the barn, we followed the cow-paths down to the pasture, then cut across Lupton's Pond, the little wood-walled lake that falls over a dam into the wide meadows along Cohansey Creek.

The big moon was riding over the meadows as we tucked ourselves snugly out of sight in a clump of small cedars on the bank. The domed houses of the muskrats—the village numbered six houses—showed plainly as the moon came up. When the full flood of light fell on the still surface of the pond, we

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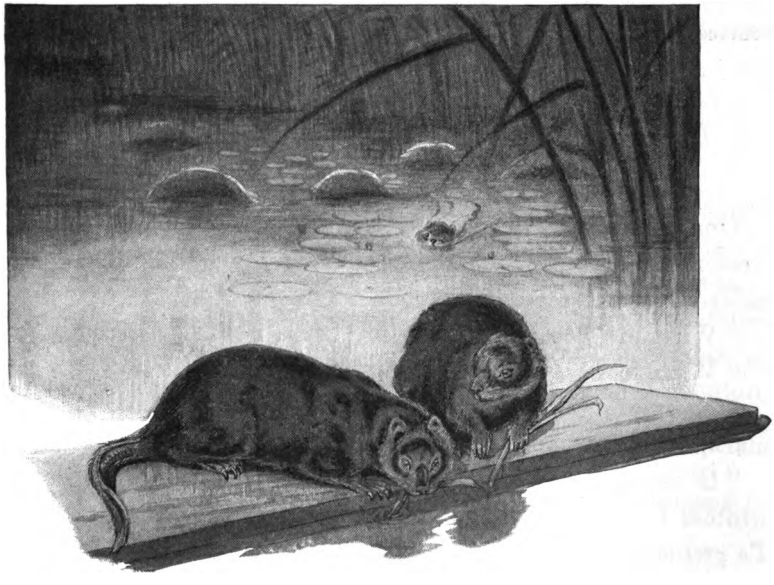
could see the "roads" of the muskrats leading down through the pads to the open space about the dam.

These houses are so placed along a water-hole that the dweller can dive out and escape under water when danger approaches.



THE MUSKRATS AT HOME

The muskrat first chooses for his bedstead a large tussock of sedge that stands well out of the water. Now, from a foundation below the water, thick walls of mud and grass are erected inclosing the tussock; a thick thatch is piled on; the channels leading away from the doors are dug out; a bunch of soaking grass is brought in and made into a bed on the tussock, and the muskrat takes possession.

Here, in the single room of their houses, one after another will come, until the walls can hold no more; and curling up

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after their night of foraging, they will spend the frigid days blissfully rolled up into one warm ball of dreamful sleep.

Unless roused by the sharp thrust of a spear, the muskrat will sleep until nightfall. You may skate around the lodge, and even sit down upon it, without waking the sleepers; but plunge a stick through the top, and you will hear a smothered *plunk*, *plunk*, *plunk*, as one after another dives out of bed into the water below.

While Uncle Jethro and I waited that night, there was a faint plash among the muskrat houses. The village was waking up, and soon we saw swimming silently and evenly towards us, the round, black head of a muskrat.

A plank had drifted against the bank, and upon this the little creature scrambled out, as dry as the cat at home under the roaring kitchen stove. Down another road came a second muskrat, and joined the first comer on the plank. They rubbed noses softly, and a moment afterward began to play together.

They were out for a frolic, and the night was splendid. Keeping one eye open for owls, they swam and dived and chased each other through the water, with all the fun of boys in swimming.

On the bottom of this pond were mussels, which the muskrats reckon sweetmeats. They are hard to get, hard to crack, but worth all the cost. I was not surprised, then, when one of the muskrats sleekly disappeared beneath the surface, and came up directly with a mussel.

There was a squabble on the plank, which ended in the other muskrat's diving for a mussel for himself. Having finished this course of big-neck clams, they were joined by a third muskrat. Together then they filed over the bank and down into the meadow. Shortly two of them returned with calamus-blades.

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The washing followed. They dropped their loads upon the plank, took up the stalks, pulled the blades apart, and soused them up and down in the water, rubbing them with their paws until they were as clean and white as the whitest celery one ever ate. What a dainty picture! Two little brown creatures, humped on the edge of a plank, washing calamus in moonlit water!

One might have taken them for half-grown coons as they sat there scrubbing and munching. Had the big owl from the gum-swamp come along then, he could easily have bobbed down upon them, and might almost have carried one away without the others knowing it.

Muskrats, like coons, will wash what they eat, whether washing is needed or not. It is safe to say, I think, that had these found clean bread and butter upon the plank instead of muddy calamus, they would have scoured it just the same.

Before the two on the plank had finished their meal, the third muskrat returned, dragging his load of mud and roots to the scrubbing. He was just dipping into the water when there was a terrible explosion in my ears. As the smoke lifted there were no washers upon the plank; but over in the quiet water floated three long, slender tails.

"No man gwine stan' dat shot, boy, jis t' see a mus'rat wash his supper," and Uncle Jethro limbered his stiffened knees and went chuckling down the bank.

DALLAS LORE SHARP (Abridged).

musk'rat, a fur-bearing animal living near water.
tus'sock, a tuft of grass.
sedge, a coarse kind of grass.
thatch, a roof made of straw, grass, or leaves.
squab'ble, a disorderly contest.
cal'a-mus, the sweet flag (a plant).
soused, splashed into water.
munch'ing, chewing with a grinding sound.
for'ag-ing, search for food.

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DALLAS L. SHARP is a clergyman who was born in New Jersey in 1870. He has been on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion* since 1901. He has given much attention to nature study and has written many articles about animals and birds. "Wild Life Near Home" is the title of a book of his that nature lovers enjoy. This selection is here given by permission of the Century Company.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets,
Some red and some white;

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Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning,
In purple gauze dressed—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next,—
Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day,—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses—
Their colors and shapes;

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The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack in the pulpit
We heard not a word!

CLARA SMITH.

rev'er-ence, a title of respect.
a-nem'o-nes, early spring flowers.
guile'less, innocent.
ex-pound', to explain.

Copy: 1. Squirrel and song-sparrow hear the sweet lily-bells.

2. Jack rises in his low, painted pulpit.

3. We heard the wind-organ, the bee, and the bird.

What word is omitted before painted? *Before* the bee?

What mark is used to show the omission?

When more than two words are used in the same way, and have the same value in a sentence, they form a ***series;*** as, wind-organ, bee, and bird.

In such a series of words, when all the conjunctions are omitted except the *last*, a comma should be placed after each word in the series except the last.

Copy: 4. Anemones, violets, buttercups, and daisies are wild flowers.

5. Blue, yellow, and white violets grow in the woods.

6. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars.

7. The kitten starts, crouches, stretches, paws, and darts.

8. The officers, cavaliers, and priests carried De Soto to his grave.

If all the conjunctions are omitted in the series, a comma should be placed after the series.

Copy: 9. Pepper's roar of astonishment, indignation, pain, still rings in my ears.

10. "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," were old stories.

11. The sea-flag, the dulse, the fan coral, grow in the deep ocean.

12. Writers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, had been Bulldog's pupils.

13. Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Rob Roy, are characters in Scott's novels.

Find or make ten sentences of each of the two classes given above.

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A DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO

"The camels are ready——"

"Yes, commander, and so are the Howadji."

The sun was nearing the pyramids, and doubly beautiful in the afternoon, "the delight of the imagination" lay silent before, compelling our admiration. I lingered and lingered upon the little balcony. *Ha-ha*, said the donkey-boys beneath, and I leaned over and saw a company trotting along.

The camels lay under the trees, and a turbaned group, like the wise men at the manger, in old pictures, awaited our departure with languid curiosity. The Pasha descended the stairs, and I followed him, just as the commander announced for the twelfth time—

"The camels are ready."

The camels lay patiently under the trees before the door, quietly ruminating. Our caravan consisted of seven, four of which had been loaded and sent forward with their drivers, and were to halt at a village beyond the city; the other three awaited the pleasure of the Howadji and the commander. It was time to mount, and the farewells must be spoken.

Addio! With the word trembling upon my tongue, and half looking back and muttering last words, I laid my left hand carelessly upon the back of the recumbent camel to throw myself leisurely into the seat.

I had seen camels constantly for two months, and had condemned them as the slowest and most conceited of brutes. I had supposed an elephantine languor in every motion, and had anticipated a luxurious cradling over the desert in their rocking

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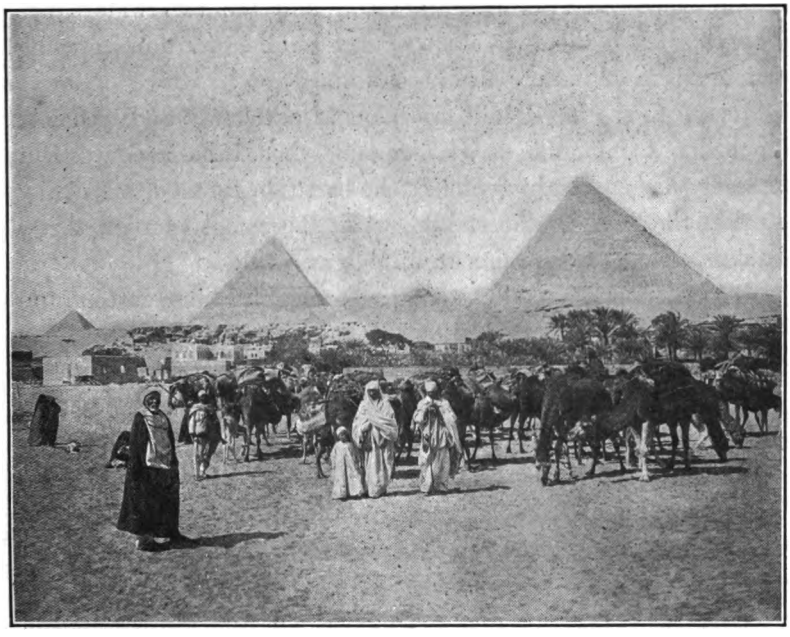
gait, for to the outward eye their movement is imaged by the lazy swell of summer waves.

The saddle is a wooden frame, with a small upright stake, both in front and behind. Between these stakes, and upon the frame, are laid the blankets, carpets, and other woolen con-



A CARAVAN NEAR THE PYRAMIDS

veniences for riding. Over all is thrown the brilliant Persian rug.

The true method of mounting is to grasp the stakes in each hand, and to swing yourself rapidly and suddenly into the seat, while the camel driver—if you are luxurious and timid—holds his foot upon the bent fore-knee of the camel. Once in the seat you must cling closely, through the three convulsive

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spasms of rising and righting, two of which jerk you violently forward and one backward.

This is a very simple mystery. But I was ignorant, and did not observe that no camel driver was at the head of my beast. In fact, I observed only that the great blue cotton umbrella, covered with white cloth, and the two water jugs dangling from the rear stake of my saddle, were an amusing combination of luxury and necessity.

Ready to mount, I laid my hand as carelessly and leisurely upon the front stake as if my camel had been a cow. But scarcely had my right foot left the earth on its meditative way to the other side of the saddle, when the camel snorted, threw back his head, and sprang up nimbly as a colt.

I, meanwhile, was left dangling with the blue cotton umbrella, and the water jugs at the side, several feet from the ground. I made a grasp at the rear stake, but I clutched only the luxuries, and down we fell, Howadji, pocket-pistols, umbrella, and water jugs in a confused heap. The good commander arrived at the scene, and swore fiercely at the Arabs. Then very blandly, he instructed me in the mystery of camel-climbing, and in a few minutes we were on the way to Jerusalem.

With the first swing of the camel, Egypt and the Nile began to recede. With this shuttle the desert was to be woven into the web of my life. We passed through the outskirts of the city. The streets were narrow and dirty as we approached the gate, although they wound under beautiful lattices, and palms drooped over the roofs.

Superior to the scene, we rode upon our lofty camels. They swayed gently along, and occasionally swung their heads and long necks awkwardly aside to peer through the lattices. The

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odd silence and sadness, whose spell I had constantly felt in Cairo, brooded over "the superb town, the holy city" to the last. As we passed out of the gate into the desert, no hope called after us.

As we advanced, we saw more plainly the blank sand that overspread the earth, from us to the eastern horizon. Out of its illimitable reaches paced strings of camels, with swarthy Arabs. Single horsemen, and parties upon donkeys ambled quietly by. Our path lay northward along the line where the greenness of the Nile-valley blends with the desert. There was a little scant shrubbery upon the sides of the way—groves of mimosa, through which stretched the light sand, almost like a road.

As the sun set, I turned upon my camel, and saw Grand Cairo for the last time. The evening darkened, and we paced along in perfect silence. The stars shone with the crisp brilliancy of our January nights, but the air was balmy, veined occasionally with a streak of strange warmth, which I knew was the breath of the desert.

The Arabs that had gone forward with the pack camels were to encamp just beyond a little town which we entered after dark. It was a collection of mud hovels, and we reflected with satisfaction upon the accommodation of our new tent, and the refreshing repose it promised. A few steps beyond the town brought us to the white-domed tomb of a sheik, just on the edge of the desert, and there the camping-ground was chosen.

In a few minutes our desert palace was built. The riding camels were then led up, and made to kneel while the carpets, blankets, and matting were removed from the saddle. We laid the matting on the sand, spread over it a coarse, thick carpet-

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ing, and covered the whole with two Persian rugs, one upon each side of the pole. The traveling-bags were then thrown in, and we commenced Arabian housekeeping.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

pyr'a-mids, great stone monuments near Cairo.
tur'baned, wearing turbans.
lan'guid, weak; without animation.
ru'mi-na"ting, chewing the cud.
con-vul'sive, nervous; without control of the muscles.
med'i-ta-tive, thoughtful.
bland'ly, in a soft or mild manner.
il-lim'i-ta-ble, without limit.
mi-mo'sa, a sensitive plant.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–92) was born in Providence, Rhode Island. He was at one time an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Tribune* and later became editor of *Harper's Magazine.* His writings on his travels in foreign lands are as enjoyable as they are instructive. This story is taken from his book, "Howadji in Syria." He wrote also "Nile Notes of a Howadji." (This is a word used by Arabians to mean a European tourist.) His book "Prue and I" is well known and greatly liked.

Read again the story, "Dog-sleighing in Siberia." *Who had the more difficult task, Mr. Kennan in trying to drive a team of dogs, or Mr. Curtis in attempting to mount a camel?*

Write a description of one of the following animals: Camel, elephant, otter, bear, wolf, whale, shark, seal, salmon, beaver, alligator, tiger.

1. Where is this animal found?
2. What is its height, length, weight, shape, color?
3. What are its habits? What kind of home does it have? What does it eat? How does it obtain its food? What animals does it fear?
4. Of what use is this animal? Can it be trained to work? How is it captured?
5. Tell a short story about the animal described.

Write a description of a familiar animal, as a horse, cow, sheep, squirrel, goat, pig, rabbit, cat, dog.

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A POET AT HOME

One day Julia had an adventure—not "a wildly exciting one," as some of the girls liked to describe what had happened to them, but one that she was always to remember with pleasure. It was a windy day in early January, and there was a fine glaze on the ground from a storm of the day before. As she was slipping along down Beacon street, on her way home from school, it was all that she could do to hold her footing.

Luckily she had no books to carry, and so when suddenly she saw some sheets of letter paper whirling past her, she was able to rush on and pick them up as they were dashed against a lamp-post. Then she naturally looked around to see to whom they belonged. The owner was not far away, for just a few steps behind her was an old gentleman not very tall, dressed all in black with a high silk hat.

Under his arm the gentleman carried a book, and as he held out his hand toward her, Julia had no doubt that he was the owner of the wandering manuscript. "Thank you, my child," he said, as she held the sheets towards him. "Another gust, and I should have had to compose a new poem to take the place of this one."

"Why, sir," Julia began to say; then looking up in his face, she suddenly gave a start. Surely she had seen that face before. But where? In an instant she recognized the owner of the papers. He was certainly no other than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, several of whose poems she knew almost by heart. "Were—were they some of your own poems?" she managed to stammer, "it would have been dreadful if they had been lost."

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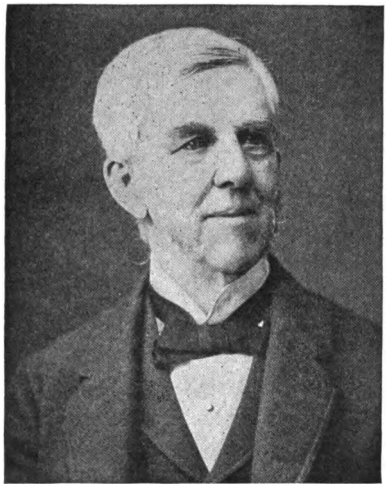
"Not half so dreadful," he replied smiling, "as if they had been written by some one else. As a matter of fact they were sent to me by an unfledged poet, who wished me to tell him whether he would stand a chance of getting them into a publisher's hands. He told me to take great care of them as he had no copy. I read his note at my publisher's just now, and I felt bound to carry the manuscript home. But I'm not sure that it would not have been a good thing to lose a sheet or two to teach him a lesson. He should not send a thing to a stranger without making a copy."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

When Julia repeated this later at the table, her aunt was much interested. "What else did he say?" she inquired.

"Oh, he thanked me again for picking up the papers, and when he heard that I had not been long in Boston, he asked me to call some afternoon to see him. I walked along until he reached his door. Do you know that he lives near here?"

Her aunt knew, and approved of her making the call. A few afternoons later Julia and her friend Edith walked up the short flight of stone steps to the poet's front door. Their hearts sank a little. To make a call on a poet was really a rather formidable thing, and they pressed each other's hands as they heard the maid opening the door to admit them.

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"Just wait here for a moment," said the maid, after they had inquired for the master of the house. In a moment she returned and asked them to follow her. At the head of the broad stairs they saw the poet himself standing with outstretched hand to meet them. When Julia mentioned Edith's name, he made them sit down beside him, one on each side, while he occupied a large leather armchair drawn up before his open fire, and asked them one or two questions about their studies and their taste in literature.

As Dr. Holmes talked, Julia's eyes wandered to the little revolving bookcase on which she could not help noticing a number of volumes of his own works. The old gentleman, following her glance, said: "They make a pretty fair showing for one man, but my publishers are getting ready to bring out a complete edition of my works, and that, well that makes me realize my age." After a moment, he asked quickly, "Does either of you write poetry?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered Edith quickly, "we couldn't."

"Why, it isn't so very hard," he said, "at least I should judge not by the numbers of copies of verses that are sent to me to examine. Poetry deals with common human emotion, and almost any one with a fair vocabulary thinks that he can express himself in verse. Words and expression seem very felicitous to the writer, but he cannot expect other persons to see his work as he sees it."

"It depends, I suppose," said Edith shyly, "on whose work it is."

"Do you really have a great deal of poetry sent you to read?" Julia asked.

"Every mail," he answered, "brings me letters from strangers,—from every corner of the globe. Some are accompanied

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by long manuscripts on which my opinion is asked. I am chary now about expressing any opinion, for some publishers have a way of quoting very unfairly in their advertisements. If I write, 'your book would be very charming, were it not so carelessly written,' the publisher quotes merely 'very charming,' and prints this in large type."

Both girls smiled at the expression of droll sorrow that came over the poet's face as he spoke.

"And I am so very unfortunate myself," he added, "when I try to get an autograph of any consequence. Now I sent Gladstone a copy of a work on trees in which I thought that he would be interested. He returned the compliment with a copy of one of his own books. But—" here he paused, "he wrote his thanks on a post-card!" Again the girls laughed. "Dear me!" he concluded, "this cannot interest young creatures like you; do you care for poetry?"

"Oh, yes indeed we do," cried Julia, "and we just love your poetry."

"Well, well," said the poet, with a twinkle in his eyes, "perhaps you would like to hear me read something?"

The beaming faces that met his glance were a sufficient answer, and taking a volume from the table, Dr. Holmes began:

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

When he had finished the stanza, he looked up inquiringly.

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"The Chambered Nautilus," murmured Julia.

"Ah, you know it then?" said the poet.

"Oh, yes, I love it," she answered.

Then with a smile of appreciation, adjusting his glasses, Dr. Holmes read to the end of the poem in his wonderfully musical voice. When it was finished, the girls would have liked to ask for more, but the poet rose to replace the volume. "Come," he said, "you have listened to the poem which of all I have written I like the best, now I wish to show you my favorite view."

Following him to the deep bay window, they looked out across the river. It was much the same view to which Julia was accustomed in her uncle's house, and yet it was looking at the river with new eyes to have the poet pointing out all the towns, seven or eight in number, which he could see from that window.

"In winter," he said, "there is not much to see besides the tug-boats and the gulls. But in the early spring it is a delight to me to watch the crews rowing by, and an occasional pleasure-boat. Ah! I remember—" but what it was he did not say, for as Edith turned her eyes toward an oil painting on the wall near by, he said, "Of course you know who that is; of course you recognize the famous Dorothy Q.

"Now look at the portrait closely, and tell me what you think of that cheek. Could you imagine any one so cruel as to have struck a sword into it? Yet there, if your eyes are sharp enough, you will see where a British soldier of the Revolution thrust his rapier."

When both of the girls admitted that they could not see the scar, "That only shows," he said, "how clever the man was who made the repairs."

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Before they turned from the window he made them notice the tall factory chimneys on the other side of the river, which he called his thermometers, because according to the direction in which the smoke curled upwards he was able to tell how the wind blew, and decide in what direction he should walk.

"Remember," he said, "when you reach my age always to walk with your back to the wind," and at this the girls smiled, feeling that it would be many years before they should need to follow this advice. Yet during their call how many things they had to see and to remember! He let each of them hold for a moment the gold pen with which he had written Elsie Venner and the Autocrat papers, and Julia turned over the leaves of the large Bible and the concordance on the top of his writing table. As she looked about, she thought that she had seldom seen a prettier room than this with its cheerful rugs, massive furniture, and fine pictures, all so simple and yet so dignified.

Then before the girls could realize it Dr. Holmes placed in the hand of each of them a small volume in a white cover, and bidding them open their books, said, "Well, I must put something on that bare fly-leaf." So seating himself at his table with a quill pen in his hand, he wrote slowly and evidently with some effort, the name of each of them, followed by the words, "With the regards of Oliver Wendell Holmes," and then the year, and the day of the month.

As he handed them the books the girls turned toward the door. With a word or two more of half bantering thanks to Julia for her assistance on that windy day, Dr. Holmes opened the door, and bowed them down the stairs.

HELEN LEAH REED.

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man'u-script, a written paper.
un-fledged', inexperienced.
for'mi-da-ble, exciting fear; dangerous.
vo-cab'u-lar-y, a stock of words.
fe-lic'i-tous, fortunate.
char'y, careful.
con'se-quence, importance.
ther-mom'e-ter, an instrument to measure heat.
con-cord'ance, contents of a book arranged in alphabetical order.

HELEN LEAH REED was born in St. John, N. B., but was reared in Boston, and is a graduate of Radcliffe College. She is the author of "Brenda, Her School and Her Club," "Brenda's Summer at Rockley," and "Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe." The above selection is taken by permission of Little, Brown and Company, from the first-named book.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;

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And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

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And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

re-sound', to echo.
wan, pale.
crook, a bend.
mel'an-chol-y, sad.

THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR

In a little Italian village there once lived a jolly stone-cutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, or he would not have been a stone-cutter; but he was full of good humor and everybody liked him. There was one little boy, especially, who loved Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man, who was unkind to little Antonio.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting, little Canova played at it and other things, such as modeling in clay and drawing. The boy knew nothing of art or its laws, but he fashioned his lumps of clay into forms of real beauty. His wise grandfather was much too poor, as he knew, ever to give the boy an art-education and make an artist of him, but he thought that Antonio might at least learn to be a better stone-cutter than was common.

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As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sang or recited poetry to him. All these things were educating him, for they were awakening his taste and stimulating his imagination, which found expression in the clay models that he loved to make in his leisure hours.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, the head of a noble Venetian family and a man of rare understanding in art, had a place near Pisano's house, and at certain seasons the nobleman entertained many distinguished guests. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and the boy Canova, when he was twelve years old, sometimes did scullion's work there, also, for a day, when some great feast was given.

On one of these occasions, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Canova was at work over the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head-servant made his appearance, just before the dinner hour, in great distress.

The man that had been engaged to furnish the great central ornament for the table had, at the last moment, sent word that he had spoiled the piece. It was now too late to secure another, and there was nothing to take its place. The great vacant space in the center of the table spoiled the effect of all that had been done to make the feast artistic in appearance, and it was certain that Signor Faliero would be sorely displeased.

While every one stood dismayed and wondering, the begrimed scullion boy timidly approached the distressed head-servant, and said, "If you will let me try, I think that I can make something that will do."

"You!" exclaimed the servant; "and who are you?"

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"I am Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And what can you do, pray?" asked the man, astonished at the conceit of the lad.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you will let me try."

At last he consented that Canova should try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, little Antonio quickly modeled a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen pronounced beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head-servant placed carefully upon the table.

The company that day consisted of the most cultivated men of Venice, merchants, princes, noblemen, artists, and lovers of art —and among them were many who, like Faliero himself, were skilled critics of art-work. When these people were ushered in to dinner, their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot for what purpose they had entered the dining-room. They saw something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They scanned the butter lion critically, and then broke forth in a torrent of praises, insisting that Faliero should tell them at once what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero was as ignorant as they, and he had, in his turn, to make inquiry of the chief servant.

When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero summoned the boy, and the banquet became a sort of celebration in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise a lad so gifted. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and it was their pleasure to bring it to perfec-

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tion by educating the boy in art. Signor Faliero himself claimed the right to provide for young Antonio, and at once declared his purpose to defray the lad's expenses, and to place him under the tuition of the best masters.

ANTONIO CANOVA

The boy whose highest ambition had been to become a village stone-cutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having at his command everything that money could buy, and daily receiving instruction from the best sculptors of Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his fortunes. He remained simple, earnest, and unaffected. He worked as hard to acquire knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a dexterous stone-cutter.

Antonio Canova's career, from the day on which he moulded the butter into a lion, was steadily upward; and when he died, in 1822, he was not only one of the most celebrated sculptors of his time, but one of the greatest, indeed, of all time.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

ar-tis'tic, showing taste.
dis-mayed', disheartened from fear.
scul'lion, a kitchen servant.
scanned, looked at closely.
ig'no-rant, without knowledge.
gen'ius, natural ability.
dex'ter-ous, very skillful.
cel'e-bra"ted, well known.

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A TRADITION OF WEATHERFORD

Just below the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, on the east side of the stream, you will find the little town of Tensaw. Near this Fort Mims once stood. Not far away were Fort Sinquefield and Fort White, and farther south was Fort Glass. On the 30th of August [1813], the Indians attacked Fort Mims, and after a desperate battle, destroyed it, killing all but seventeen of the five hundred and fifty people who were living in it.

The news of this terrible slaughter quickly spread over the country, and everybody knew now that a general war had begun, in which the Indians meant to destroy the whites utterly, not sparing even the youngest children. The fiercest and most conspicuous leader of the Indians in this war was Weatherford, or The Red Eagle. He planned and led the assault upon Fort Mims, and was everywhere foremost in all the fighting.

As rapidly as possible people gathered into the forts for safety, but by one accident and another many were cut off. Among the latter was Sam Hardwicke, a boy of sixteen. Mounted on a good horse Sam tried to make his way to safety.

With a party of about twenty-five Indians, Weatherford bivouacked one night in the edge of the woods, and when Sam mounted his horse the next morning the Indians were lying asleep immediately in his path.

The first intimation that he had of their presence was a grunt from a big savage lying almost under his horse's feet. Coming to himself, Sam took in the whole situation at a glance. He saw before him the savages, rising from the ground at sight of him. He saw their horses browsing at some little distance

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from them. He saw a rifle, on which hung a powder-horn and a bullet-pouch, standing against a bush. He saw that he had already aroused the foe, and that he must stand a chase.

His first impulse was to turn around and ride back, in the direction whence he had come. But in that direction lay the thicket through which he could not ride rapidly. Just beyond the group of Indians he saw the open fields. He made up his mind at once that he would push his horse into a run, dash right through the camp of the savages, pick up the convenient rifle if possible, and reaching the open country, make all the speed he could.

Without pausing or turning, he pushed his horse at a full run through the group of savages, receiving a glancing blow from a war club and dodging several others as he went. He succeeded in getting possession of the rifle, and reached the field before a gun could be aimed at him. Infuriated by his boldness, the Indians immediately mounted their horses and gave chase.

The question had now resolved itself, Sam thought, into one of endurance. How long the Indians would continue a pursuit in which he had the advantage of half a mile the start, he had no way of determining, but he had every reason to hope.

Just as he had comforted himself with this thought, a new danger assailed him. One of the Indians, with a minute knowledge of the country, had saved a considerable distance by riding through a strip of woods and cutting off an angle. When Sam first caught sight of him, coming out of the woods, the savage was within a dozen yards of him, and evidently gaining upon him at every step.

Sam's horse was a fleet one, but that of the Indian was apparently a thoroughbred, whose speed remained nearly as great

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after a mile's run as at the start. Finding at last that he must shortly be overtaken, Sam resolved upon a bold maneuvre, by which to kill his foremost pursuer. Seizing his hatchet, he suddenly stopped his horse, and, as the Indian came alongside, Sam aimed a savage blow at his head.

"Don't you know me, Sam?" said the Indian in good English, dodging the blow. "I'm Weatherford. If I had wanted to kill you, I might have done so a dozen times in the last five minutes. You know that I don't want to kill *you*, though you're the only white man on earth I'd let go. But the others will make an end of you if they catch you.

"Ride on, and I'll chase you. Turn to the left there, and ride to the bluff. I'll follow you. There's a gully through the top. Ride down it as far as you can and jump your horse over the cliff. It is nearly fifty feet high, and may kill you, but it is the only way. The other warriors are coming up, and they will kill you if you don't jump. Jump, and I'll tell them I chased you."

Sam knew Weatherford well, and he knew why the chief wished to spare him if he could. Sam had rescued Weatherford once from an imminent peril at great risk to himself. So the two rode on, Sam going down the gully furiously, that his horse might not be able to refuse the frightful leap.

Coming to the edge of the precipice with headlong speed, the animal could not draw back, but plunged over with Sam sitting bolt upright on his back. He had no saddle or stirrups in which to become entangled, and as the horse struck the water fairly, the blow was not so severe a shock to the boy as he had expected.

Both went under the water, but rising again in a moment Sam slid off the animal's back, to give the poor horse a better

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chance to escape by swimming. Striking out boldly the boy reached the bank, and, crawling up, looked for his horse. For a time he drifted while Sam ran along the bank, calling and encouraging him. He struck the shore at last, and Sam, examining him, found that while he was stunned and bruised no serious damage had been done.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

junc'tion, a joining.
con-spic'u-ous, attracting attention.
in"ti-ma'tion, hint; notice of.
brows'ing, feeding on grass.
as-sailed', attacked.
thor'ough-bred, a horse of high quality.
ma-neu'vre, a trick or device.
gul'ly, a channel worn by water.
im'mi-nent, overhanging; threatening.
se-vere', sharp, violent.
in-fu'ri-a"ted, made furious.

ON A HIGHER LEVEL

Jack Dunn stood in the door of his home on a crag of Persimmon Ridge and loaded his old rifle. Suddenly there came from the valley the baying of a pack of hounds in full cry. The boy looked wistful as he heard it, and then frowned.

"Those Saunders men have gone off and left me," he said reproachfully; "here I've been kept chopping wood and pulling fodder until they have had time to get up a deer."

Then taking his rifle as the shadows grew long, he set out for the profit and the pleasure of still-hunting. Following the course of the mountain stream, which was swollen by heavy rains, and was now rushing and foaming far out of its banks, he came to an old and ruined mill.

No human being could live there, but in the doorway ap-

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peared a boy dressed like Jack in an old brown jeans suit and a shapeless white hat. This was Andy Bailey.

"Have you been hunting?" asked Jack. Andy nodded assent. Jack walked down into the rickety mill and stood leaning against the rotten old hopper. "What did you get?" he said, looking about for the game.

"Well," drawled Andy, with much hesitation, "I haven't been started out long." He turned from the door and faced his companion rather sheepishly.

"I hope you haven't been popping off that rifle of yours along the deer-path down in the hollow, and scaring off all the game," said Jack. "If I were as poor a shot as you are, I'd go a-hunting with a bean-pole instead of a gun, and leave the game to them that can shoot it."

For a mountain-boy, Andy was a poor shot and, therefore, the scoff of Persimmon Ridge.

"I've seen many a girl who could shoot as well as you,—better," continued Jack jeeringly. "But la! I needn't go down there into the hollow expecting to get a deer to-day. They are all off in the woods a-smelling the powder that you have been wasting."

Andy was pleased to change the subject. "It seems to me that the water is scuttling along tolerably fast," he said, turning to the little window through which the stream could be seen.

It *was* running fast, and with a tremendous force. Logs and branches shot by, half hidden in foam. The old mill, whose wooden supports were now completely under water, trembled and throbbed with the rushing stream. As Jack looked toward the window, his cheek paled, and he sprang to the door with a frightened exclamation.

Too late! the immense bole of a fallen tree, shooting down

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the channel with force and velocity, struck the tottering supports of the crazy, rotting building.

It careened, and quivered in every fibre. There was a crash of falling timbers, then a mighty wrench, and the two boys, clinging to the window-frame, were driving with the wreck down the river.

The old mill thundered against the submerged rocks, and at every concussion the timbers fell. It whirled around and around in eddying pools. Where the water was clear, and smooth, and deep, it shot along with great rapidity.

The clinging boys looked down upon the black current, with its sharp, treacherous, half-seen rocks and ponderous driftwood. The wild idea of plunging into the tumult and trying to swim to the bank faded as they looked. Here in the crazy building there might be a chance. In that frightful swirl there lurked only a grim certainty.

The boys were caged, as it were. The door-way was filled with the heavy débris, and the only possibility of escape was through that little window. It was so small that only one could pass through at a time,—only one could be saved.

Jack had seen the chance from far up the stream. There was a stretch of smooth water close to the bank, on which was a low-hanging beech-tree,—he might catch the branches.

They were approaching the spot with great rapidity. Only one could go. He himself had discovered the opportunity,—it was his own.

Life was sweet,—so sweet! He could not give it up; he could not now take thought for his friend. He could only hope with a frenzied eagerness that Andy had not seen the possibility of deliverance.

In another moment Andy lifted himself into the window.

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A whirlpool caught the wreck, and there it eddied in dizzying circles. It was not yet too late. Jack could tear the smaller, weaker boy away with one strong hand, and take the only chance for escape.

The shattered mill was dashing through the smoother waters now; the great beech-tree was hanging over their heads; an inexplicable, overpowering impulse mastered in an instant Jack's temptation.

"Catch the branches, Andy!" he cried wildly.

His friend was gone, and he was whirling off alone on those cruel, frantic waters. In the midst of the torrent he was going down, and down, and down the mountain. Now and then he had a fleeting glimpse of the distant ranges.

The familiar sight, the recollection of his home, brought sudden tears to his eyes. On, on, in this mad rush he went down to the bitterness of death.

Even with this terrible fact before him, he did not reproach himself with his costly generosity. It was strange to him that he did not regret it; perhaps, like that mountain in its sunset glory, he had suddenly taken up life on a higher level.

The sunset splendor was fading. The whole landscape seemed full of reeling black shadows,—and yet it was not night. The roar of the torrent was growing faint upon his ear, and yet its speed was not checked. Soon all was dark and all was still, and the world slipped from his grasp.

"They tell me that Jack Dunn was nearly drowned when the men fished him out of the pond at the sawmill down in the valley," said Andy Bailey, recounting the incident to the fireside circle at his own home. "They saw the rotten old timbers come floating into the pond, and then they saw something like a person hanging to them.

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"The water was smooth, there, so they had no trouble in swimming out to him. They couldn't bring him to, though, at first. They said in a little more he would have been gone. Now"—pridefully—"if he had had the grit to catch a tree and pull out, as I did, he wouldn't have been in such a danger."

Andy never knew the sacrifice that his friend had made. Jack never told him. Applause is at best a slight thing. A great action is nobler than the monument that commemorates it; and when a man gives himself into the control of a generous impulse, thenceforward he takes up life on a higher level.

MARY N. MURFREE.

bay'ing, barking.
rick'et-y, about to fall to pieces.
sheep'ish-ly, ashamed.
scoff, a laughing-stock.
jeer'ing-ly, in a mocking manner.
scut'tling, running.
sub-merged', under water.
con-cus'sion, a shock.
ed'dy-ing, whirling.
fren'zied, crazed; anxious.
in-ex'pli-ca-ble, not to be explained.
sac'ri-fice, self-denial.
com-mem'o-rates, keeps in mind.

MARY N. MURFREE, a native of Tennessee, was born about 1850. She has written very entertaining stories about the people of the Tennessee mountains. Her pen-name is Charles Egbert Craddock. Some of her best known books are "In the Stranger People's Country," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," "In the Tennessee Mountains," and "The Story of Keedon Bluffs." The selection is published with the consent of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Compare the hero of this story with Little Giffen, Elizabeth Zane, *and* the boys of Muirtown Seminary. *Who was the bravest? Write your reasons.*

Write a story of a brave deed. What led up to the deed? How was it performed? What were the results?

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LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us c'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

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By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!"

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'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

loch, a lake.
heath'er, a small flowering shrub common in Scotland.
bon'ny, pleasing.
win'some, winning.
a-pace', quickly.
wa'ter-wraith, water spirit.
la-ment'ing, mourning.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844), a British poet and critic, was born in Glasgow. His works include "Pleasures of Hope," "Lochiel's Warning," "Ye Mariners of England," "Battle of the Baltic," "Exile of Erin," and "Hohenlinden." (He saw the battle of Hohenlinden.) "Pleasures of Hope" is the most popular.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA

The coronation was much more beautiful than any one could possibly have imagined that it was going to be. The tribune to the right of the thrones was the one most closely crowded. It held the grand-duchesses and the ladies of the court, who were in the native costume of the country, and who wore the diamonds for which Russia is celebrated.

On the tribune immediately behind the throne stood the Russian senators in magnificent coats of gold, with boots to the hip and white leather breeches, and with ostrich feathers in their peaked hats. With them were the correspondents, the Germans and Russians in military uniforms, the Englishmen

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in their own court dress, and the Frenchmen and Americans in evening dress.

The diplomats and their wives, and the visiting commanders-in-chief and generals of armies from all over the world, occupied the third tribune to the left of the throne, and formed the most splendid and gorgeous group of all. Around the platform itself were the princes and grand-dukes glittering with the chains and crosses of the imperial orders. Between the screen and the platform the priests moved to and fro in jeweled mitres as large as a diver's helmet, and in robes stiff with gold and precious stones, their vestments flashing like the scales of gold-fish.

But nothing in the whole drama of the morning presented so impressive a picture as did the young Empress when she first entered the chapel and stood before her throne. Of all the women there, she was the most simply robed, and of all the women there, she was by far the most beautiful. A single string of pearls was her only ornament, and her hair, which was worn like that of a Russian peasant girl, fell in two long plaits over her bare shoulders. Her robe of white and silver was as simple as that of a child going to her first communion.

The most interesting part of the ceremony, perhaps, was when the Czar changed from a bareheaded young officer in a colonel's uniform, to an emperor in the most magnificent robes an emperor could assume, and when the Czarina followed him, and from the peasant girl became a queen, with the majesty of a queen.

When the moment had arrived for this transformation to take place, the Czar's uncle, the Grand-Duke Vladimir, and his younger brother Alexander lifted the collars of the different orders from the Czar's shoulders. They then fastened upon

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Redrawn from a photograph in the London "Graphic."

THE CZAR CROWNING THE CZARINA

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him the imperial of gold cloth, which is some fifteen feet in length, with a cape of ermine, and covered with the double eagle of Russia in black enamel and precious stones.

Over this they placed the broad diamond Collar of St. Andrew, which sank into the bed of snowy white fur, and lay glimmering and flashing as the Emperor moved forward to take the imperial diadem from the hands of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The crown was a marvelous thing, fashioned in two halves to typify the eastern and western kingdoms. It was formed entirely of white diamonds, and surrounded by a great glowing ruby, above which was a diamond cross. The Czar lifted this globe of flame and light high above him, then lowered it to his head, and took the scepter in his right hand and the globe in his left.

When he had seated himself upon the throne, the Czarina stood up and walked to a place in front of him. There she sank upon her knees at his feet, with her bare hands clasped before her. He rested his crown for an instant upon her brow, and then replacing it upon his head, lowered a smaller crown of diamonds upon hers. Three ladies-in-waiting fastened it to her hair with long gold hair-pins, the Czar watching them with deepest interest as they did so.

Then, as they retired, two of the grand-dukes placed a mantle similar to the Czar's upon her shoulders, and hung another diamond collar upon the ermine of her cape. When this was done, the Czarina stepped back to her throne of ivory, and the Czar to his throne of turquoise.

The supreme moment had come and gone, and Nicholas the II and Alexandra Feodorovna sat crowned before the nations of the world.

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Some one made a signal through the open door, and the diplomats on the tribune outside rose to their feet, and the crush of moujiks below them sank on their knees, and the regiments of young peasant soldiers flung their guns at salute, and the bells of the churches carried the news over the heads of the kneeling thousands across the walls of the Kremlin to where one hundred and one cannon hurled it on across the river and up to the highest hill of Moscow, where the modern messengers of good and evil began to tick it out to Odessa, to Constantinople, to Berlin, to Paris, to the rocky coast of Penzance, where it slipped into the sea and hurried on under the ocean to the illuminated face in the Cable Company's tall building on Broadway [New York City], until the world had been circled, and the answering congratulations came pouring into Moscow while the young Emperor still stood under the dome of the little chapel.

After the congratulations the ceremony was continued by the priests alone, who chanted and prayed for nearly two hours, during which time the Czar and Czarina took little part in the services beyond crossing themselves at certain intervals. At last the priests ceased, and the most solemn ceremony of the coronation was reached. The Czar passed from sight through the jeweled door of the screen, while his young wife, who could not enter with him, waited, praying for him.

When he came forth again, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. One could see in his face, white and drawn with hours of prayer and fasting, how strongly he was moved. And one could imagine what he felt when he looked forward into the many years to come and again saw himself as he was at that moment, a young man of twenty-eight, taking in his hands the insignia of absolute sovereignty over the bodies of one hundred

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million people and on his lips the most sacred of oaths to protect the welfare of one hundred million souls.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

cor"o-na'tion, crowning.
trib'une, a raised place.
dip'lo-mats, representatives of foreign countries.
mi'ter, a headpiece worn by a bishop.
com-mun'ion, a sacrament of the church.
as-sume', to put on.
trans"for-ma'tion, a striking change.
en-am'el, a hard coating.
typ'i-fy, to be a sign of.
mou'jiks, Russian peasants.
in-sig'ni-a, the signs of rank.

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S INAUGURATION

When the new Senators had taken the oath, the procession formed to march out to the stand erected in front of the Senate wing of the Capitol. There the chief ceremony of the day, the swearing in of the new President by the Chief Justice, was to take place.

Any scene with the Capitol building for a background must of necessity be impressive. Its situation is more imposing than that of the legislative buildings of any other country; the Houses of Parliament, on the Thames, and at Budapest, on the Danube, appear heavy and somber in comparison; the Chamber of Deputies, on the Seine, is not to be compared with it in any way. No American can look upon it, and see its great swelling dome, balanced on the shoulders of the two marble wings, and the myriads of steps leading to it, without feeling a thrill of pride and pleasure that so magnificent a monument should belong to his country and to him.

To the foreigners in the crowd the absence of any guard or escort of soldiers near the President, or of soldiers of any sort, was probably the most peculiar feature of the scene. In no other country would the head of the nation, whether he rules by inheritance or is elected to power, stand on such an occasion so close to the people without a military escort. Indeed, when the President takes the oath of office before the people, and delivers his inaugural address, there is not a single man in uniform to stand between him and his fellow-countrymen, crowded so closely to him that by bending forward he could touch them with his hand.

Down below the crowd cheered mightily when it saw the

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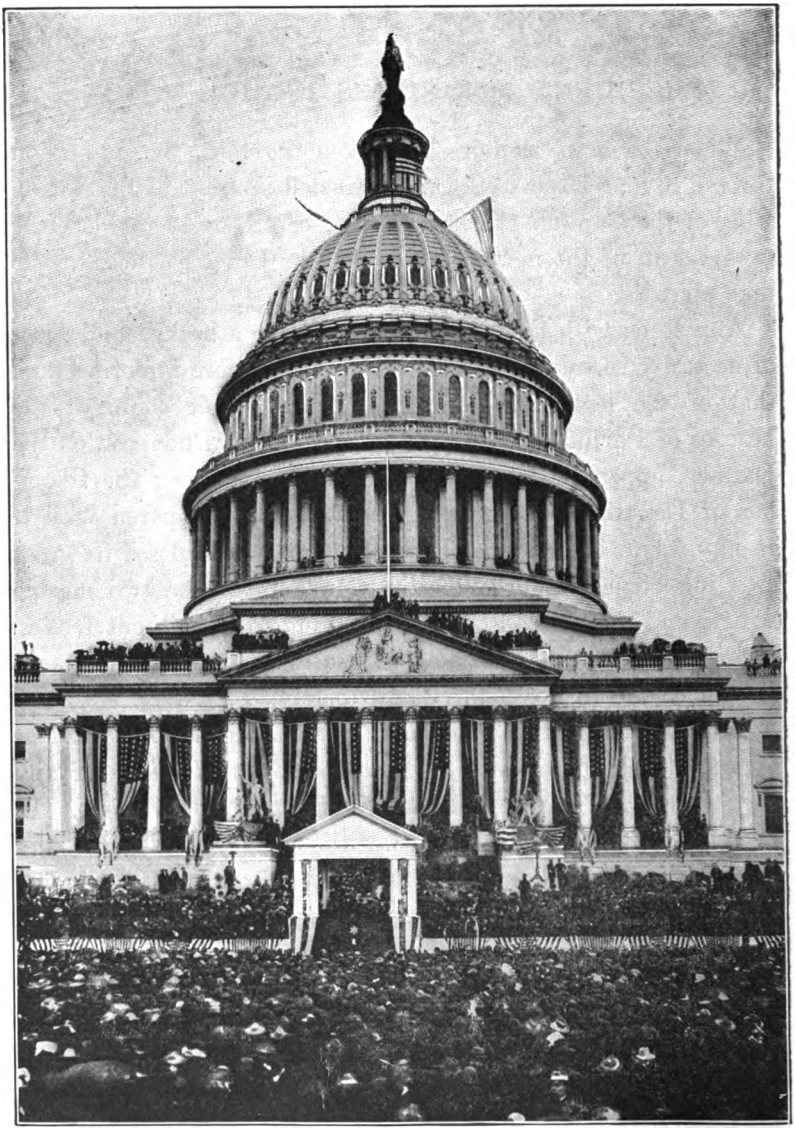

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

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President and President-elect. Major McKinley walked out to the dais, and bowed bare-headed many times, while Mr. Cleveland, who throughout the day had left the center of the stage entirely to his friend, gazed about him at the swaying crowd, and perhaps remembered two other inaugural addresses which he had delivered to much the same crowd of people from the same platform.

The people were not kept waiting long, for the ceremony that makes a President lasts less than six minutes, while six hours are required to fasten the crown upon the Czar of Russia and to place the scepter in his hand. One stone in that scepter is worth one million of dollars, the crown three millions, and all the rulers of Europe or their representatives, and great generals and statesmen, surround the Emperor when he takes the oath of office in the chapel of the gilded walls and jeweled pillars. And outside seventy thousand soldiers guard his safety.

The Chief Justice in his vast silken robe took the Bible, which the clerk of the Senate handed to him, and held it open before the President-elect. The President, who was in a moment to be the ex-President, stood up beside them, with his hat in his hand and his head bared to the spring breeze.

The people saw three men dressed plainly in black, one of them grave and judicial, another pale and earnest, and the third looking out across the people unmoved and content. The noise and movement among the people were stilled for a moment as the voice of the Chief Justice recited the oath of office.

As he spoke, it was as though he had pronounced an incantation, for although the three figures remained as they were, so far as the people could see, a great transformation that the people could not see passed over the whole of the land, and its influence penetrated to the furthermost corners of the earth.

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There came a new face at the door and a new step on the floor, and men that had thoughts above office, men that held office, and men that hoped to hold office recognized the change that had come.

A government had changed hands with the quietness and dignity of the Chief Justice himself, and as Major McKinley bent to kiss the open Bible he became the executive head of the government of the United States, and Mr. Cleveland one of the many millions of American citizens that he had sworn to protect.

A few foolish people attended the inauguration exercises and went away disappointed. This was not because the exercises were not of interest, but for the reason that the visitors saw them from the wrong point of view. They apparently expected to find in the inauguration of the president of a republic the same glitter and display that they had witnessed in state ceremonies in Europe. And by looking for pomp and rigid etiquette and officialism, they missed the whole significance of the inauguration, which is not intended to glorify any one man, but which is a national celebration. In this celebration every citizen has a share—a sort of family gathering, where all the members of the clan, from the residents of the thirteen original States to those of that State which has put the latest star in the flag, are brought together to rejoice over a victory and to make the best of a defeat.

There is no such celebration in any other country, and it is surely much better to enjoy it as something unique in its way and distinctly our own, than to compare some of its features with like features of coronations and royal weddings abroad, in which certain ruling families glorify themselves and the people pay the bills.

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In Europe the people have little part in the state functions except as spectators. They pay taxes to support a royal family and a standing army, and when a part of the royal family or a part of the army goes out on parade, the people line the sidewalks and look on.

In the inaugural procession the people themselves are the performers; the rulers for the time being are of their own choosing; and the people not only march in the parade, but they accomplish the somewhat difficult feat of standing on the sidewalks and watching themselves as they do it.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

leg'is-la-tive, law-making.
for'eign-ers, persons born in another country.
in-her'it-ance, property received through the death of a relative.
in-au'gu-ral, the first address of an official.
scep'ter, a staff borne as a sign of royalty.
in"can-ta'tion, magic words.
pen'e-tra"ted, passed through.
ex-ec'u-tive, relating to the carrying out of laws.
sig-nif'i-cance, meaning.
u-nique', peculiar.
func'tion, a formal ceremony.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS was born in Philadelphia in 1864. He has made a name for himself both as a newspaper correspondent and as a story-writer. One collection of Mr. Davis's short stories has been published under the title "Stories for Boys." Boys like also some of his war-time writings and stories of adventure in foreign lands, such as "Soldiers of Fortune," "Three Gringos in Venezuela," "Cuba in War Time," "With Both Armies in South Africa," and "A Year from a Reporter's Note Book." "The Coronation of the Czar" and "The Inauguration of President McKinley" are from the last-named book, and are used here by the permission of the author and by the consent of the publishers, Harper and Brothers.

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SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate,

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Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from some beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

pa'thos, sadness.
a-glee', joyful.
en-am'ored, filled with love.
sense, hint.
pag'eant, a show.
dry'ad, a fairy living in a tree.

HENRY TIMROD (1829–67), an American poet, was a native of South Carolina. He is one of a number of talented southern writers who made the Civil War the theme of much of their writing. Many of his poems were about the War. Some of them are very musical.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,

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Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe.
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look,
On all these pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

blithe'some, joyous.
buc"ca-neers', pirates.
pri-me'val, relating to early times.
cui-rassed', wearing a breastplate.
prod'i-gal, a spendthrift.
re-flects', sends back.
El Do-ra'do, any region of fabulous wealth.

HUNTING THE COUGAR IN MISSISSIPPI

The morning after my arrival at the squatter's cabin, I joined him while he threw a few ears of corn to his pigs. As he counted the animals, he told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther.

By this name the cougar is designated in America. The ravenous animal now and then carried off one of his calves, and on several occasions had robbed him of a deer. Delighted by his description of the "painter," as he sometimes called it, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy.

He was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbors would join us with their dogs, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon afterward, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters, accordingly, one fine morning made their ap-

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pearance at the door of the cabin. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase. Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp. There it was agreed that all should scatter and seek for the fresh track of the "painter," it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him.

In less than an hour, the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsmen. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up.

The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs, at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no game but the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. Putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed them, guided by their voices. All of a sudden, the mode of barking became altered, and the squatter urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed.*

By this he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest a few moments. Should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all united in a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as

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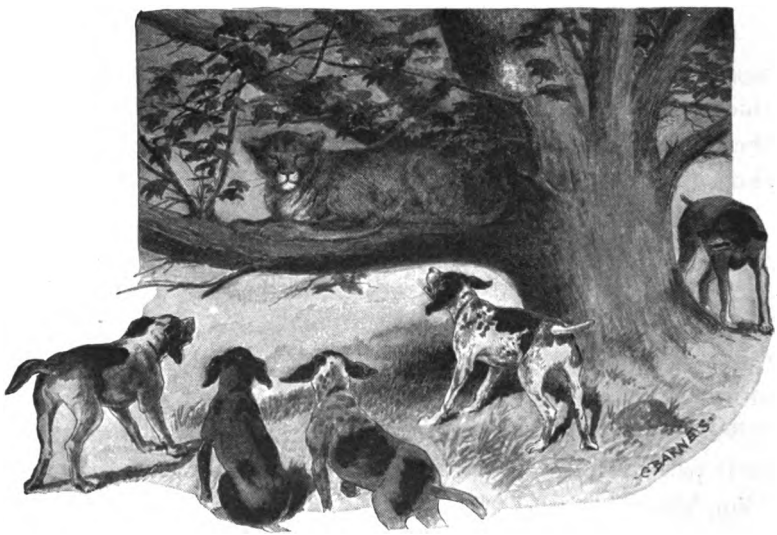
it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the panther was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry.

The hunter that had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs



THE COUGAR "TREED"

near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. The dogs proceeded at such a rate that we now put spurs to our horses and galloped towards the center of the swamp.

These determined hunters knew that the cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dis-

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mounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hoppled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue.

As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay toward us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him. One of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought that he might remain undiscovered.

Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged dogs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valor; but the squatter, advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. In another moment the cougar lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons went home to be ready to feed the pigs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its body left to the hungry dogs.

Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a

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small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter brought out his pone of bread. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew dark, stories and songs went round, until fatigued, we lay down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we saddled, and jogging along in a direct course, we soon arrived at my host's cabin.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

squat'ter, settler in a new country.
e-quipped', fitted out.
in-te'ri-or, the inside.
al'tered, changed.
dan'gle, to hang loosely.
ter'mi-na"ting, coming to an end.
pro-cure', to obtain.
fa-tigued', tired.
ve'he-ment-ly, with fury; loudly.
e-la'ted, delighted; overjoyed.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851), a famous American bird-lover, was born in New Orleans, La. He was educated in France, where he studied under the great painter, David. After his return to America he lived in different parts of the United States. He liked to devote most of his time to long tramps in the woods and the fields, studying the habits of birds. By and by he became celebrated for his drawings of birds and his writings about birds. He not only had rare skill in drawing his feathered friends, but an admirable talent for describing them in entertaining language. His chief work, "Birds of America," was published by subscription, the price of each copy being $1,000. The above selection is printed here with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Write a description of some bird with which you are familiar. What is its size? Color? What are its habits? Describe its nest and eggs.

Write a story that you have heard or read of pioneer days in America.

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A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD

I. The Swimming School

Joy, joy, joy! Of a hot summer day in June, when I was nine years old, I was asked how I would like to learn to swim. Little doubt in the mind of any boy who reads this what my answer was. I and my elder brother, who was twelve, were to be permitted to go to the swimming school. This was joy enough to have that year marked with red in our history.

The swimming school was in water that flowed where Brimmer Street [Boston] and the houses behind it are now built. It was just such a building as the floating baths are now, which the city maintains, but it inclosed a much larger space. Of this space a part had a floor so that the water flowed through; the depth was about five feet. To little boys like me it made little difference that there was this floor, for we could be as easily drowned in five feet of water as we could in fifteen.

As soon as you were dressed and ready—and this meant in about one minute—you took your turn to be taught. A belt was put around you under the arms; to this belt a rope was attached, and you were told to jump in. You jumped in and went down as far as gravity chose to take you, and were then pulled up by the rope. The rope was then attached to the end of a long belt, and you were swung out upon the surface of the water. Then began the instruction.

"O-n-e!—two, three!" the last two words were spoken with great rapidity—"one" spoken very slowly. This meant that the knees and feet were to be drawn up very slowly, but were

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to be dashed out very quickly, and then the heels brought together as quickly.

Boys who were well built for it and who were quick, learned to swim in two or three lessons. Slender boys and little boys who had not much muscular force—and such was I—were a whole summer before they could be trusted without the rope. But the training was excellent, and from the end of that year till now I have been entirely at home in the water.

I think now that scientific and systematic training in swimming is a very important part of public instruction, and I wish we could see it introduced everywhere where there is responsible oversight of boys at school.

II. Out of Doors

For the half-holidays that were not otherwise provided for, my brother and I took care by using "the means which God and nature put into our hands." That is to say, we walked out of town to such woodland generally as we had not explored before, until we were personally acquainted with the whole country for a circle of fully five miles' radius around the State House.

We always kept for such expeditions what were known as phosphorus-boxes, which were the first steps in the progress that has put the tinder-boxes of that day entirely out of sight. Most of the young people of the present day have not so much as seen a tinder-box, and I do not know where I could go to buy one. But, in the working of the household, the tinder-box was the one resource for getting a light.

We boys, however, with the lavishness of boys, used to buy

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at the apothecary's phosphorus-boxes, which were then coming in. We had to pay twenty-five cents for one such box. These boxes were made in Germany; they were of red paper, little cylinders about four inches high and an inch in diameter. You could carry one, and were meant to carry it, in your breast pocket.

In the bottom of the box was a little bottle, which contained asbestos soaked with sulphuric acid, and in the top were about a hundred matches, made, I think, from chlorate of potash. One of these you put into the bottle and pulled it out aflame. We never should have thought of taking one of these walks without a phosphorus-box.

When we arrived at the woodland sought, we invariably made a little fire. We never cooked anything that I remember, but this love of fire is one of the early barbarisms of the human race which dies out latest. I suppose if it had been the middle of the hottest day in August we should have made a fire.

So soon as the morning session of school was over, in the summer or autumn months, if it were a half-holiday, we would start on one of these rambles. Sometimes, if the walk was not to a great distance, we invited, or permitted, the two sisters to come with us. We had a tin box for plants, and always brought home what seemed new or pretty.

When, in 1833, the Worcester Railroad was opened, this walking gave way, for a family as largely interested in that railroad as we were, to excursions out of town to the point where the walk was to begin. The line to West Newton was opened to the public on the 7th of April, 1833, but from the day when the *Meteor,* which was the first locomotive engine in New England, ran on her trial trip, we two boys were

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generally present at the railroad, on every half-holiday, to take our chances for a ride out upon one of the experimental trips.

We knew the engine-drivers and the men who were not yet called conductors, and they knew us. My father was the president of the road, and we thought we did pretty much as we chose. The engine-drivers would let us ride with them on the engine, and I, for one, got my first lessons in the business of driving an engine on these excursions. But as soon as the road was open to passengers, these rides on the engine dropped off, perhaps were prohibited. Still we went to Newton in the train as often as we could, and afterwards to Needham.

There were varied cars in those days, some of them open, like our open horse-cars of to-day, and all of them entered from the side, as in England up to the present time. After this date our long walks out of town naturally ceased. Nothing was more common in our household than for the whole family to go out to Brighton or to Newton, and, with babies and all, to establish ourselves in some grove, where we spent the afternoon very much as God meant we should spend it, I suppose; returning late in the evening with such spoils of wild flowers as the season permitted.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

grav'i-ty, the attraction of the earth.
sci"en-tif'ic, according to rule or method.
sys"te-mat'ic, following a fixed plan.
ra'di-us, the distance from the center of a circle to its circumference.
phos'pho-rus, a substance burning easily.
tin'der, something used for kindling at a spark.
re-source', means.
lav'ish-ness, wastefulness.
as-bes'tos, a fibrous mineral which fire does not burn.
sul-phur'ic, made from sulphur.

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE, an American author, editor, and clergyman, was born in Boston in 1822. His father was a nephew of Nathan Hale, the American patriot who was executed as a spy by the British in 1776. Among Dr. Hale's works are "The Man Without a Country," "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe," "Philip Nolan's Friends," and a number of boys' books, one of which is "New England Boyhood," from which these selections are taken, by courtesy of Little, Brown and Company.

Write an account of some important invention.

1. *Who was the inventor? Where did he live? How did he happen to think of making it? How did he improve his first plans?*

2. *What was used in place of this invention before it was made? What were the advantages of the invention? How has it been improved?*

3. *How important is its present use? What would be some of the disadvantages if we had to do without it now?*

Select a subject from this list:

Locomotive	Steamboat
Stove	Street Light
Pump	Gun
Parlor Match	Typewriter
Sewing-machine	Telephone
Mowing-machine	Telegraph
Thresher	Printing-press
Street-car	Window Pane
Railway-car	Flour Mill
Cotton Gin	Watch

Find and write out the most important facts in the life of one of these men:

Sir Isaac Newton	Eli Whitney
James Watt	Samuel F. B. Morse
George Stephenson	Cyrus W. Field
Johann Gutenberg	Thomas A. Edison
Benjamin Franklin	George Westinghouse
Robert Fulton	William Marconi

Study the first paragraph on page 205. *Break this paragraph into simple sentences. Combine some of the simple sentences into complex and compound sentences.*

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TO AN ORIOLE

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In southern splendor through our northern sky?
In some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning to heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

EDGAR FAWCETT (1847–1904), an American author, was born in New York City. He has written novels, poems and plays. Some of his writings in verse have been published under the titles, "Song and Story," "Romance and Revery," "Songs of Doubt and Dream." His best known novels are "An Ambitious Woman" and "The House at High Bridge."

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (Flower-de-Luce).

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom:
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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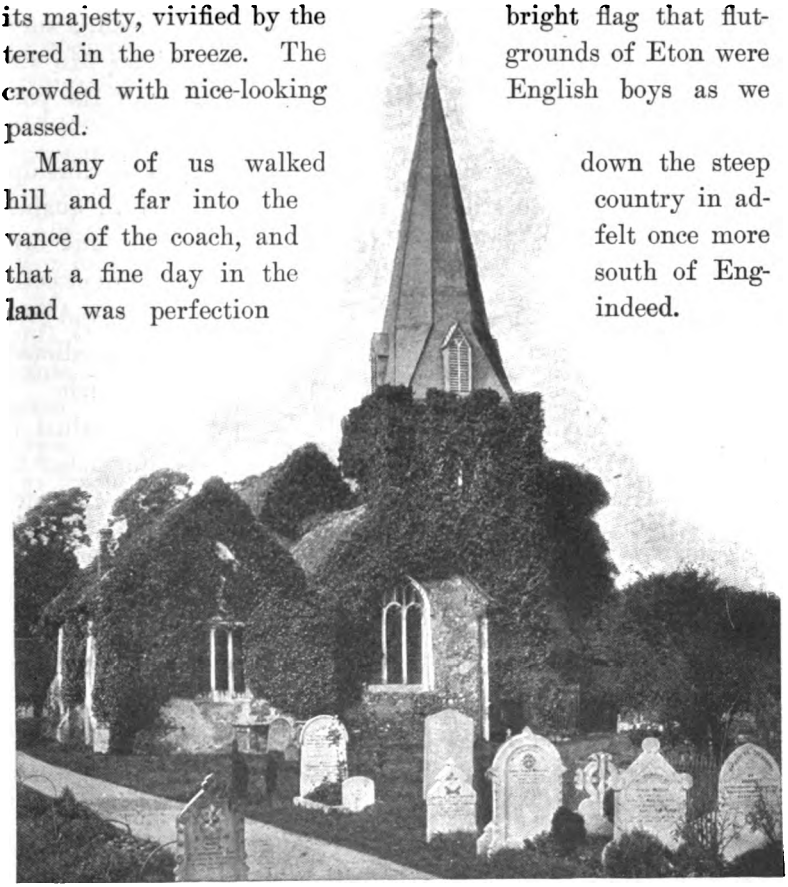
COACHING IN BRITAIN

Monday was another thoroughly English day. The silver Thames, which glistened in the sun, was enlivened by many stately swans. Windsor Castle towered in all its majesty, vivified by the bright flag that fluttered in the breeze. The grounds of Eton were crowded with nice-looking English boys as we passed.

Many of us walked down the steep hill and far into the country in advance of the coach, and felt once more that a fine day in the south of England was perfection indeed.



THE CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGIS, THE SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

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The sun here reminds one of the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate: its rays cheer, but never scorch. You could not tell whether, if there had to be any change, you would prefer it to be a shade cooler or a shade warmer.

Stoke Pogis is a few miles out of our direct road, but who would miss that, even were the detour double what the ordnance survey makes it? Besides, had not a dear friend, a stay-at-home, told us that one of the happiest days of her life was that spent in making a pilgrimage to the shrine of the poet from this very Windsor?

Gray's was the first shrine at which we stopped to worship, and the beauty, the stillness, the peace, of that low, quaint, ivy-covered church, and its old-fashioned graveyard, sank into our hearts. Surely no one could revive memories more sweetly English then he who gave us the "Elegy." Some lines, and even stanzas of that gem, will endure, it may safely be predicted, as long as anything English does, and that is saying much.

Just such a churchyard we found, too, as seemed suited to the ode. Gray is fortunate in his resting-place. Earth has no prettier, calmer spot to give her child than this. It is the very ideal God's acre. The little church! How fine is Gray's inscription upon his mother's tomb!

> "Dorothy Gray.
> The careful, tender mother of many children,
> one of whom alone had the misfortune to
> survive her."

The touch in the last words, "misfortune to survive her!" Upon Gray's own tomb there is inscribed:

> "One noon I missed him on the accustomed hill,
> Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
> Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
> Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

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One perfect gem outweighs a thousand mediocre performances, and makes its creator immortal. The world has not a second Gray's "Elegy" among all its treasures. Nor is it likely to have.

The manor house of Stoke Pogis, which took its name from a marriage away back in the thirteenth century, between a member of the Pogis family and an heiress, Amicia de Stoke, furnished the subject of Gray's "Long Story," a poem known now only to the curious student of English Literature. How fortunate for the world that the poet did not let his reputation rest upon it!

The old house, built in the time of good Queen Bess on an older foundation, is still more noted as the home of Sir Edward Coke, the famous Lord Justice and the rival of Bacon. In 1601 Coke entertained the Virgin Queen at Stoke Pogis in a manner befitting the royal dignity and the length of his own purse. Among the presents which her majesty graciously deigned to accept at the hands of her subject on the occasion was jewelry valued at a thousand pounds, a large sum in those days.

Several years after the death of Coke, Stoke Pogis was for a short time the place of confinement of Charles I, who could see from its windows the towers of Windsor Castle, which he was never again to enter alive.

When Charles II came to his own again, the possessor of the mansion was knighted. He became so devoted in his affection for the Stuarts, that when in after time King William desired to visit Stoke Pogis to see a place so rich in historical associations, the old knight would not listen to it.

In vain did his wife intercede: he declared that the usurper should not cross his threshold, and he kept his word. So it

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came to be said that Stoke Pogis had entertained one sovereign, been the prison of another, and refused admission to a third.

In still later times the old place came into possession of the Penn family, the heirs of our William Penn of Pennsylvania. It was by one of them, John Penn, that the cenotaph to Gray was erected, for the poet, it will be remembered, was laid in his mother's tomb. The same Penn pulled down much of the old house and rebuilt it as it is to-day.

Our luncheon was to be upon the banks of the Thames to-day, the Old Swan Inn, where the stone bridge crosses the stream, being our base of supplies. The rugs were laid under a chestnut tree, and our first picnic luncheon spread on the buttercups and daisies.

Swallows skimmed the water, bees hummed above us—but stop! what's that, and where? Our first skylark singing at heaven's gate!

All who heard this never-to-be-forgotten song for the first time were up and on their feet in an instant. But the tiny songster, which was then filling the azure vault with music, was nowhere to be seen.

It's worth an Atlantic voyage to hear a skylark for the first time. The flood of song poured forth as we stood wrapt awaiting the descent of the messenger from heaven. At last a small black speck came into sight. He is so little to see—so great to hear!

ANDREW CARNEGIE (*Abridged*).

de″tour′, a round-about way.
ode, a short poem.
viv′i-fied, enlivened.
in-e′bri-ate, to intoxicate.
me′di-o″cre, of ordinary quality.
deigned, condescended; stooped to.
in-ter-cede′, to speak for.
cen′o-taph, a monument erected to a person buried elsewhere.

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ANDREW CARNEGIE came to America from Scotland in 1848, when he was eleven years of age. His first position was in a cotton factory in Allegheny, Pa. Then he became a telegraph messenger, studied telegraphy, and went into the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He attended to business, and his advancement was steady. After the war he established a great iron industry at Pittsburg. He is the author of "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," "Round the World," and "Democracy Triumphant."

Through his gifts to libraries, universities, colleges and pension funds in the United States and Great Britain, he has justly earned the title of the greatest benefactor of the age.

"Coaching in Britain" is published with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

THOMAS GRAY (Selected).

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cur'few, a bell rung at evening.
sol'emn, grave; serious.
ham'let, a small village.
clar'i-on, a call like the sound of a trumpet.
joc'und, gayly; merrily.
dis-dain'ful, scornful.
glebe, the sod.
her'ald-ry, the signs that denote rank.
se-ques'ter-ed, quiet and apart from the busy world.
an'nals, history.
in-ev'i-ta-ble, not to be avoided.

THOMAS GRAY (1716–71) was an English poet. He was educated at Cambridge and afterward was made a member of the Cambridge faculty. The "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is his best and most popular poem. Gray ranks high among English authors as poet, prose writer, and scholar.

THE GREAT PYRAMID

The first glimpse that most travelers now get of the Pyramids is from the window of the railway carriage as they come from Alexandria; and it is not impressive. (It does not take one's breath away.) The well-known triangular forms look small and shadowy, and are too familiar to be in any way startling. It is only in approaching them, and observing how they grow with every foot of the road, that one begins to feel that they are not so familiar after all.

When at last the edge of the desert is reached, and the long sand-slope climbed, and the rocky platform gained, and the Great Pyramid in all its unexpected bulk and majesty towers close above one's head, the effect is as sudden as it is overwhelming. It shuts out the sky and the horizon. It shuts out all the other pyramids. It shuts out everything but the sense of awe and wonder.

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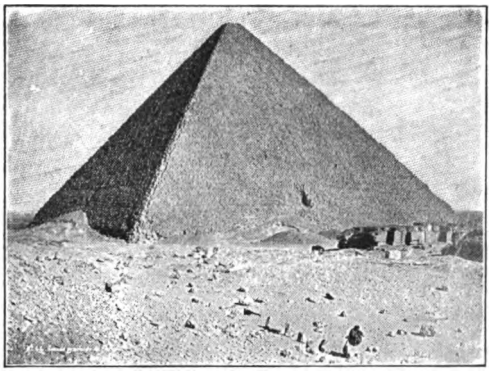
Now, too, one discovers that it was with the forms of the Pyramids, and only their forms, that one had been acquainted all these years past. Of their surface, their color, their relative position, their number, one had hitherto no definite idea.



THE GREAT PYRAMID

Even the Great Pyramid puzzles us with an unexpected sense of unlikeness. We all know that it was stripped of its outer blocks some five hundred years ago to build Arab mosques and palaces. Nevertheless, the rugged, rock-like aspect of that giant stair-case takes us by surprise. Nor does it look like a partial ruin. It looks as though it had been left unfinished, and the workmen might be coming back to-morrow.

The color again is a surprise. Few persons can be aware beforehand of the rich tawny hue that Egyptian limestone assumes after ages of exposure to the blaze of an Egyptian sky. Seen in certain lights, the Pyramids look like piles of massy gold.

It is no easy task to realize, however imperfectly, the duration of six or seven thousand years. The Great Pyramid, which is supposed to have been some four thousand two hundred and odd years old at the time of the birth of Christ, is now in its seventh millennium. Suddenly the writer became aware, that these remote dates had never presented them-

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selves to her mind until this moment as anything but abstract numerals.

Now, for the first time, they were no longer figures, but years with their changes of season, their high and low Niles, their seed-times and harvests. More impressive by far than any array of figures or comparisons, was the shadow cast by the Great Pyramid as the sun went down.

The mighty shadow, sharp and distinct, stretched across the stony platform of the desert and over full three-quarters of a mile of the green plain below. It divided the sunlight in the upper air; and it darkened the space that it covered like an eclipse.

It was not without a thrill of something approaching to awe, that one remembered how this self-same Shadow had gone on registering, not only the height of the most stupendous gnomon ever set up by human hands, but the slow passage, day by day, of more than sixty centuries of the world's history.

It was still lengthening over the landscape as we went down the long sand-slope and gained the carriage. Some six or eight Arabs in fluttering white garments ran on ahead to bid us a last good-by. "You come again!" said they. "Good Arab show you everything. You see nothing this time."

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

tri-an'gu-lar, having three angles.
mil-len'ni-um, a thousand years.
e-clipse', a covering up, as an eclipse of the moon.
reg'is-ter-ing, making a record of.
stu-pen'dous, very large.
gno-mon, a structure for showing the time of day.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS (1831–92) was an English author and traveler. She has written many novels, some histories and some popular books for children. Her book, "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile," from which our selection is taken, is considered a remarkably good book on Egypt.

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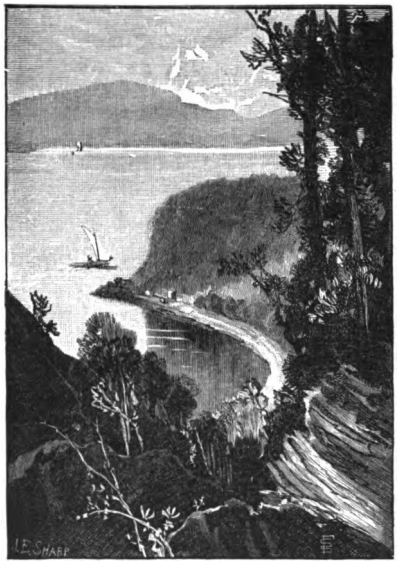
THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation.



WOLFE'S COVE, THE LANDING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY

In spite of all difficulties he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers."

With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French

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battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men.

Full in sight before them stretched the long thin lines of the British forces,—the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces,—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success.

Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, and that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

At a little before ten o'clock, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirit of the assailants.

It was not until the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view.

When the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone;

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and when the British muskets were leveled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with an uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec.

Yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen. In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain.

A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth. He was borne to the rear and laid softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around him sustained his fainting form.

Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the

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From a painting by Benjamin West.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE

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officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the leveled bayonets.

"Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir!" was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to St. Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he muttered; and turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover.

"I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me."

The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valor of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (Slightly Abridged).

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in-va'ders, those who forcibly enter.
bat-tal'ions, bodies of troops.
in-ured', used to.
a-chieve', to accomplish.
as-sail'ants, those who attack.
in"ef-fec'tu-al, without result.
om'i-nous, foreboding evil.
gren"a-diers', a company of soldiers serving in a battalion.
tor'por, sleepiness.
bay'o-net, a blade attached to the end of a musket.
mu'ti-nous, disobedient to superior officers.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–93), an American historian, was born in Boston. His historical works include "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," —from which this story is taken,—"Pioneers of France in the New World," "Discovery of the Great West," and "Montcalm and Wolfe." He is an entertaining writer, and holds a high place in American literature.

SNOW-BOUND

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,

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In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Selected).

spher'ule, a little sphere.
ge"o-met'ric, relating to the lines and forms of geometry.
pel'li-cle, a filmy substance.
fir'ma-ment, the sky.
un'i-verse, the entire creation.

Write the story of a storm that you have watched.
Where was it? What kind of storm was it?
How did the storm begin?
Describe the nature of the storm.
How long did it last? What damage did it do?

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THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME

Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, humpbacked, lame. Bell ringer of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a new infirmity soon put the finishing touch to his misfortunes; the bells had broken the drums of his ears: he became deaf. The only avenue that Nature had left open to him to the world was suddenly closed forever.

After all, he never turned his face to the world of men save with regret; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with marble figures, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh at him, and never looked upon him otherwise than with peace and good will.

The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not hate Quasimodo. They rather mocked other men. The saints were his friends and blessed him. The monsters were his friends and protected him. Thus he had long conversations with them. He would sometimes pass whole hours before one of these statues, in solitary chat with it.

And the cathedral was not merely company for him, it was the universe; nay, more, it was Nature itself. He never dreamed that there were other hedgerows than the stained-glass windows in perpetual bloom; other shade than that of the stone foliage always budding, loaded with birds in the thickets of Saxon capitals; other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; or other ocean than Paris roaring at their feet.

But that which he loved more than all else in the motherly building, that which awakened his soul and bade it spread its poor stunted wings folded in such misery, that which sometimes actually made him happy, was the bells. He loved them,

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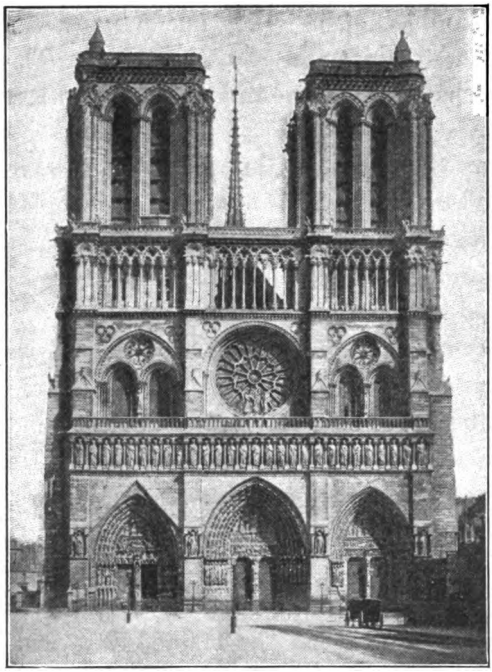
he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them. From the chime of the steeple over the transept to the big bell above the door, he had a tender feeling for them all. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him like three great cages, in which the birds, trained by him, sang for him alone; and yet it was these very bells that had made him deaf.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS

To be sure, their voice was the only one he could now hear. For this reason the big bell was his best beloved. She was his favorite of the family, and had been christened Marie. She hung alone in the south tower with her sister Jacqueline, a bell of less size inclosed in a smaller cage close beside her own. This Jacqueline was named for the wife of Jehan Montague, who gave the bell to the church.

In the second tower there were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the belfry over the transept with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Maundy Thursday till the morning of Holy Saturday or Easter

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Eve. So there were fifteen bells, but Marie was Quasimodo's favorite.

It is impossible to give any idea of his joy on those days when full peals were rung. When the archdeacon dismissed him with the word "Go," he ran up the winding staircase more rapidly than any one else could have gone down. He reached the aerial chamber of the big bell, breathless; he gazed at it an instant with love and devotion, then spoke to it gently, and patted it, as you would a good horse about to take a long journey. He condoled with it on the hard work before it.

After these initiatory caresses he called to his assistants, stationed on a lower story of the tower, to begin. They then hung upon the ropes, the windlass creaked, and the enormous mass of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, panting with excitement, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper upon its brazen wall made the beam on which he stood quiver.

Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Here we go! There we go!" he shouted with a mad burst of laughter. But the motion of the great bell grew faster and faster, and as it traveled an ever-increasing space, his eye grew bigger and bigger, more and more glittering.

At last the full peal began; the whole tower shook: beams, leads, broad stones, all rumbled together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils at the top. Then Quasimodo's rapture knew no bounds: he came and went; he trembled from head to foot with the tower. The bell, let loose, and frantic with liberty, turned its jaws of bronze to either wall of the tower in turn,—jaws from which issued that whirlwind whose roar men heard for four leagues around.

Quasimodo placed himself before those gaping jaws; he rose and fell with the swaying of the bell, inhaled its tremendous

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breath, gazed now at the abyss, swarming with people like ants, two hundred feet below him, and now at the huge copper clapper which from second to second bellowed in his ear. That was the only speech which he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence reigning around him. He basked in it as a bird in the sunshine.

All at once the frenzy of the bell seized him; his look became strange; he waited for the passing of the bell as the spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself headlong upon it. Then, suspended above the gulf, launched upon the tremendous vibration of the bell, he grasped the brazen monster by its ears, clasped it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, doubling the fury of the peal with the whole force and weight of his body.

The monstrous steed neighed and panted under him; and then the big bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo ceased to exist: they became a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest; vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged crupper; a strange centaur, half man, half bell.

VICTOR HUGO.

ca-the'dral, a large church.
per-pet'u-al, lasting forever.
co-los'sal, of enormous size.
tran'sept, the part of a church at right angles to its greatest length.
arch"dea'con, the chief deacon.
con-dole', sympathize.
in-i'ti-a-to-ry, beginning.
tre'foil, an ornament shaped like a clover leaf.
vi-bra'tion, a movement back and forth.
ver'ti-go, dizziness.

VICTOR HUGO (1802–1885) was a celebrated French poet and novelist. His childhood was spent in various places in Paris, in Corsica, in Elba, in Italy, and in Spain, wherever his father, an army officer, happened to be stationed. He received his early education from his mother and from an old priest. Later he went to school in Paris. While he was still at school

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he began to write poetry, and one of his poems won him a prize before he was eighteen years old. Some of his novels are masterpieces. They have been translated into English and are widely read on this side of the Atlantic. The most famous is "Les Miserables." He took a great interest in politics and was elected a life member of the French Senate in 1876. The latter part of his life he devoted to writing.

MY STAR

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING.

an'gled, having corners.
spar, a mineral of many colors.
furled, rolled up.
sol'ace, content.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–89) was a famous English poet, and was born in London. He was fond of the country, and when a boy, he used to roam through the Dulwich Woods. "Home Thoughts, from the Sea," "Home Thoughts, from Abroad," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "An Incident of the French Camp," "The Pied Piper of Hamlin," and "The Boy and the Angel" are among his shorter poems.

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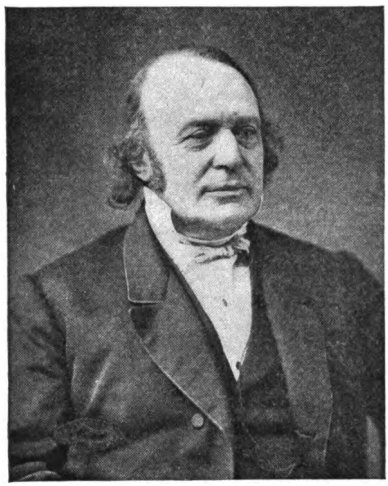
December 29th, [1865]. Pedreira.

I have said little about the insects and reptiles which play so large a part in most Brazilian travels, and, indeed, I have had much less annoyance from this source than I had expected. But I must confess that the creature which greeted my waking sight this morning was not a pleasant object to contemplate. It was an enormous centipede close by my side. He was nearly a foot in length. His innumerable legs looked just ready for a start, and his two horns or feelers were protruded with a most venomous expression.



LOUIS AGASSIZ

These animals are very hideous to look upon, and their bite is painful, though it is not dangerous. I crept softly away from my sofa without disturbing my ugly neighbor, who presently fell a victim to science; being very adroitly caught under a large tumbler, and consigned to a glass jar filled with alcohol.

Captain Faria says that centipedes are often brought on board with wood, among which they usually lie concealed, seldom making their appearance, unless disturbed and driven out of their hiding places.

To less noxious visitors of this kind, one soon gets accustomed.

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As I shake out my dress, I hear a cold flop on the floor, and a pretty little house-lizard, which has found a warm retreat in its folds, makes his escape with all celerity. Cockroaches swarm everywhere, and it would be a vigilant housekeeper that could keep her closets free from them.

Ants are the greatest nuisance of all, and the bite of the fire-ant is really terrible. I remember once having hung some towels to dry on the cord of my hammock; I was about to remove them when suddenly my hand and arm seemed plunged into fire. I dropped the towels as though they had been hot coals, and then I saw that my arm was covered with little brown ants.

Brushing them off in all haste, I called the servant, who found an army of them passing over the hammock, and out of the window near which it hung. He said that they were on their way somewhere, and if left undisturbed, would be gone in an hour or two. And so it proved to be. We saw no more of them.

Yesterday we arrived at Pedreira, a little village consisting of some fifteen or twenty houses hemmed in by forest. The place certainly deserves its name of the "place of stones," for the shore is fringed with rocks and boulders. We landed at once, and Mr. Coutinho and Mr. Agassiz spent the morning in geologizing and botanizing.

In the course of our ramble we came upon an exceedingly picturesque Indian camp. The river is now so high, that the water runs far up into the forest. In such an overflowed wood, a number of Indian boats were moored; while, on a tract of land near by, the Indians had cleared a little grove, cutting down the inner trees, and leaving only the outer ones standing, so

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as to make a circular arbor. Within this arbor the hammocks were slung; while outside were the kettles and water-jugs, and utensils of one sort and another.

In this little camp were several Indian families, who had left their mandioca plantations in the forest, to pass the Christmas festa in the village. We asked the women what they did, they and their babies, when it rained.

They laughed, and pointing to their canoes, said that they

LAND JOURNEYS ARE OFTEN MADE BY WATER

crept under the arched roof of palm-thatch, which always encloses the stern of an Indian boat, and were safe. Even this, in the open river, would not be a protection; but, moored as the boats are in the midst of a thick wood, they do not receive the full force of the showers.

After we returned to the village and rested at the priest's house half an hour, he proposed to send us to his little mandioca plantation at a short distance in the forest, where a par-

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ticular kind of palm, which Mr. Agassiz greatly coveted, was to be obtained. In this country of inundated surfaces, land journeys are often made by water. So we started in a boat, and after keeping along the water for some time, we turned into the woods and began to navigate the forest.

The water was still and clear as glass: the trunks of trees stood up from it, their branches dipped into it. As we wound in and out among them, putting aside a bough here and there, or stooping to float under a green arbor, the reflection of every leaf was so perfect that wood and water seemed to melt into each other, and it was difficult to say where one began and the other ended. Silence and shade so profound brooded over the whole scene, that the mere ripple of our paddles seemed a disturbance.

After half an hour's row we came to dry land, where we went on shore, taking our boatmen with us. The wood soon resounded with their hatchets as the palms fell under their blows. We returned with a boatload of palms, besides a number of plants of various kinds that we had not seen elsewhere. We reached the boat just in time; for scarcely were we well on board and in snug quarters again when the heavens opened and the floods came down.

THE JOURNAL OF PROFESSOR AND MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ (*On the Rio Negro*).

cen'ti-pede, a worm-like animal with a great number of feet.
a-droit'ly, skillfully.
con-signed', placed in.
ce-ler'i-ty, quickness of motion.
ge-ol'o-giz"ing, studying rocks.
pic"tur-esque, pleasing to the eye; like a picture.
man"di-o'ca, the manioc plant.
re-flec'tion, careful thought.
in-un'da"ted, overflowed.
fes'ta, holidays.

LOUIS AGASSIZ (1807–73) was a celebrated naturalist who was born in Switzerland, and educated in Germany. He was especially noted

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for his studies into the nature and history of glaciers and rocks. When he was about forty years old he made a visit to the United States, and was persuaded to become a member of the faculty of Harvard University. From that time forward he made America his home, and did a great deal to make science interesting to the people of his adopted country. In 1865 he went to Brazil and explored the Lower Amazon. It is said that he found more than eighteen hundred new kinds of fishes in that region. He and Mrs. Agassiz afterwards published a book about Brazil. This selection is published with the consent of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN

If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

One of our great mistakes, when we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into only a half-interest and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of.

If I were to live my life again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives very little trouble. It

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needs only early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again upon you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener; I might write pages on the importance of learning early in life to gain that point when a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows, which now sing to us all winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

JAMES T. FIELDS (1817–81) was an American author and also a publisher and an editor. He was from time to time a partner in several book firms in Boston; and for eight years he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Yesterdays with Authors" is the title of one of his books.

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ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859) was born near London, and was educated at Christ Hospital School in London. Lamb, Coleridge, Dickens, and Carlyle were among his friends. He edited magazines and papers, and wrote both prose and poetry.

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